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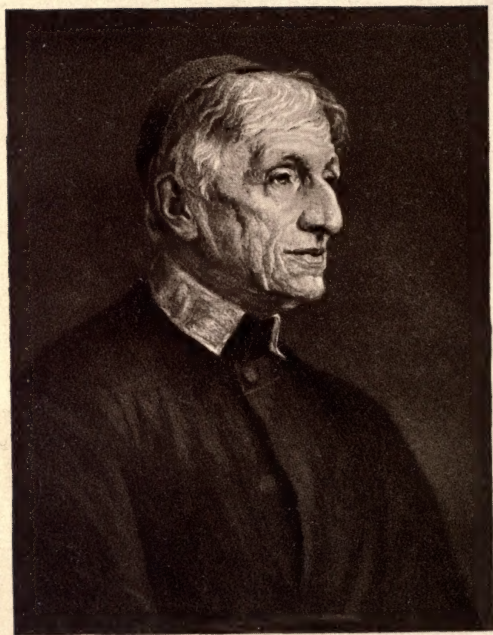


The Spiritual Classics  
of English Devotional  
Literature

“Be comforted, be comforted,  
my People, saith your God”







- John H. Card Newman



# THE SPIRIT OF CARDINAL NEWMAN

*WITH A PREFACE BY  
C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.*



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THE SPIRIT OF  
THE CARDINAL  
NEWMAN



NEWMAN'S SPIRIT OF  
THE CARDINAL  
NEWMAN

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## JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

“**Y**OU always understand about everything,” said his little sister to John Henry Newman; “you always make me happy when I am uncomfortable.” His wider family, which is Christ’s, is learning to-day how truly he always understood. Doubly a prophet, he grasped and uttered forth the meaning of his baffling generation; he foresaw and foretold to those who had ears of hearing, the things that were coming, which are the instincts and hopes and perversities of our own age, born of his. This we are realising. But does he always “make us happy”? Happiness, doubtless, we may learn from him. Still, we shall not forget that, with his seership, came a call to martyrdom. Solitary in spirit, supremely aware of two only realities, of God, and of self elect and yet rebellious, he from the beginning was on the rack of his own soul, and, in moments even of most expansive gaiety, never ceased “to shudder at himself.” Later, sensitive beyond words not only to the unkindnesses or unawarenesses of those who should have loved him, but (more often than they themselves) to the intellectual agonies, spiritual griefs, or

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loneliness, or inexplicable aching need, or impulse, or paralysis, of individuals and of multitudes, he passed to the end in such stress of soul that often it grew hard for him to communicate a "comfort" of which he stood in such sore need himself. Yet the Prophet and the Martyr would fain be an Apostle, too; and across the barriers of style (for to many the very rhetoric, the archaisms, the modernisms of his style are a barrier), of taste (for he loved, defiantly, Oxford; and much Victorianism of culture and of tradition is irremediably his), and even of religious temperature (for to the end he feared "lest sights of earth to sin give birth, and bring the tempter near," and could not joy wholeheartedly even in the sunlit hours of May) we feel the yearning, wistful, strong and tempestuous human heart speaking to our own, and our own responds, and we yield to his seduction.

Born February 21, 1801 he could still dream, eighty years after, of the home his fastidious passionate childhood had adored. In 1818 he entered at Trinity College, Oxford; he studied feverishly, and failed, through exhaustion, in the Schools; was awarded, for magnetic force of personality revealed through all *gaucherie* of shyness and effacement, the Oriel fellowship in 1822. The acute influence of Whately emancipated his evangelically timid mind:

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he became the "Oxford Plato" of Blanco White. Reaction follows: Froude and Keble enter his life: he preaches a moral and social reformation: he turns from chill Intellectualism to the "stupid" party, and the Lord is his Enlightening. In that Light he begins, in 1830, to study history: to It he writes his lyric when, in 1832, death shadows him in Sicily. The ruthless study of hard fact, and the philosophy and psychology of faith, the subtlest investigation of man's mystical relation with God, together fill his day. He preaches again at St. Mary's. All Oxford goes out to him. It has its brief new creed: *I believe in Newman*. Meanwhile, what may his own creed be? He has seen his "ghost." The Monophysite controversy, the chance article in the *Dublin*, and the ancient epigram, have shaken his soul's bases. The *Tracts* appear, Anglicanism will have none of Tract XC. "The presumption becomes Roman." In 1843 he leaves St. Mary's and flies to Littlemore; in 1845, he resigns his fellowship. In but a few days, he can add, as a Catholic, the solemn lines which close that *Essay on Development* whereon his last labours as an Anglican were spent.

He visits Wiseman and Maryvale, and learns to feel at home in the staid and pathetically grim atmosphere of that chamber in his Father's House. At Rome

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he breathes a wider and yet perplexing air. Genial St. Philip shepherds him ; and from 1848 to 1850 he returns hospitality to the Roman Saint at Birmingham. The " Lives " appear and the Oratory comes to London. The Church emerges from her catacombs, and not the Aggression scare can check her. Yet for her prophet and apostle dark days had come, productive, however, of lasting fruit for us. The lectures at the Birmingham Corn Exchange live, and the Achilli defeat is dead and counts, when unforgotten, for victory. The long distress of the Irish University scheme has given us other and incomparable ideals of the full human development which a Catholic University alone can supply. The Oratory school is born (1859) ; but the " Scripture Translation " and review after review come to naught : friend after friend is made suspect ; himself he is wounded in what he holds dearest, his repute for loyalty to the Faith : 1859-1864 are his saddest years. With the *Apologia* he flames back into triumph ; but the fiasco at Oxford, and the bewilderments of the Council period overshadow him once more : the *Grammar* is written (1870), an imperishable treasure : but only after nine years comes the Scarlet Hat.

But the aged Cardinal needed yet a decade before he might pass from the



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shadows and symbols into Truth. Attenuated and frail, yet magical, magnetic, electric with life-force; elusive and subtle, yet to the end the almost savage foe of cant, humbug, and untruth; a man of silvery whispers, swift glances, birdlike exquisiteness of touch and presence, yet utterly human, homely, playful; majestic, too, quelling and imperial—he remained, the miracle of Catholic England, powerful from his Oratory till he died, and, beyond his death, into that far future which is our present, more distant from his day than years can hint, yet seen and greeted and guarded against by him. That poem in which, as in none other save (dare we say?) the Apocalypse, the walls of time and space flicker and grow thin before the fierce pressure of Eternity—the *Dream of Gerontius*—has been the “preparation for death” of peasant and soldier and prince: for many years in its spirit he himself had lived; in it, he died; in it, perhaps, is enshrined, under fewest veils, his secret.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

Stonyhurst, 1914.





## A PRAYER FOR ALL THE WORLD

**V**ANITY of vanities, misery of miseries! they will not attend to us, they will not believe us. We are but a few in number, and they are many; and the many will not give credit to the few. O misery of miseries! O mighty God, O God of love, it is too much, it broke the heart of Thy sweet Son Jesus to see the misery of man spread out before His eyes. He died by it as well as for it. And we, too, in our measure, our eyes ache, and our hearts are stricken, and our heads reel when we but feebly contemplate it. O most tender heart of Jesus, why wilt Thou not end, when wilt Thou end, this ever-growing load of sin and woe? When wilt Thou chase away the devil into his own hell, and close the pit's mouth, that Thy chosen may rejoice in Thee, quitting the thought of those who perish in their wilfulness? But, oh! by those five dear Wounds in Hands, and Feet, and Side—

## A PRAYER FOR ALL THE WORLD

perpetual founts of mercy, from which the fulness of the Eternal Trinity flows ever fresh, ever powerful, ever bountiful to all who seek Thee—if the world must still endure, at least gather Thou a larger and a larger harvest, an ampler proportion of souls out of it into Thy garner, that these latter times may, in sanctity, and glory, and the triumphs of Thy grace, exceed the former. “ God, have mercy on us, and bless us ; and cause His face to shine upon us, and have mercy on us ; that we may know Thy way upon earth, Thy salvation among all the nations. Let the people praise Thee, O God ; let all the people praise Thee. Let the nations be glad, and leap for joy ; because Thou dost judge the people in equity, and dost direct the nations on the earth. God, even our God, bless us, may God bless us ; and may all the ends of the earth fear Him.”



## NEW HEARTS

**I**F we would be happy in the world to come, we must make us new hearts, and begin to love the things we naturally do not love. Viewing it as a practical point, the end of the whole matter is this, we must be changed ; for we cannot, we cannot expect the system of the universe to come over to us ; the inhabitants of Heaven, the numberless creations of Angels, the glorious company of the Apostles, the goodly fellowship of the Prophets, the noble army of Martyrs, the holy Church universal, the Will and attributes of God, these are fixed. We must go over to them. In our Saviour's own authoritative words : " Verily, verily, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." It is a plain matter of self-interest to turn our thoughts to the means of changing our hearts, putting out of the question our duty towards God and Christ, our Saviour and Redeemer.

" He hath no form nor comeliness, and when we see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him." It is not His loss that we love Him not, it is our loss, He is not less blessed because we are far from Him. It is we who are not blessed, except

## NEW HEARTS

as we approach Him, except as we are like Him, except as we love Him. Woe unto us, if in the day in which He comes from Heaven we see nothing desirable or gracious in His wounds; but instead, have made for ourselves an ideal blessedness, different from that which will be manifested to us in Him. Woe unto us, if we have made pride, or selfishness, or the carnal mind, our standard of perfection and truth; if our eyes have grown dim, and our hearts gross, as regards the true light of men, and the glory of the Eternal Father. May He Himself save us from our self-delusions, whatever they are, and enable us to give up this world, that we may gain the next:—and to rejoice in Him, who had no home of His own, no place to lay His head, who was poor and lowly, and despised and rejected, and tormented and slain!

## MEN OF SORROWS

**T**HERE lay about the pool "a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, and withered." This is a painful picture, such as we do not like to dwell upon,—a picture of a chief kind of human suffering, bodily disease; one which suggests to us and typifies all other suffering,—the most obvious fulfilment of that curse which Adam's fall brought upon his descendants. Now it must strike every one who thinks at all about it, that the Bible is full of such descriptions of human misery. We know it also abounds in accounts of human sin; but not to speak of these, it abounds in accounts of human distress and sufferings, of our miserable condition, of the vanity, unprofitableness, and trials of life. The Bible begins with the history of the curse pronounced on the earth and man; it ends with the Book of Revelation, a portion of Scripture fearful for its threats, and its prediction of judgments; and whether the original curse on Adam be now removed from the world or not, it is certain that God's awful curses, foretold by St. John, are on all sides of us. Surely, in spite of the peculiar promises made to the Church in Christ our

## MEN OF SORROWS

Saviour, yet as regards the world, the volume of inspiration is still a dreary record, "written within and without with lamentations, and mourning, and woe." And further, you will observe that it seems to drop what might be said in favour of this life, and enlarges on the unpleasant side of it. The history passes quickly from the Garden of Eden, to dwell on the sufferings which followed, when our first parents were expelled thence; and though, in matter of fact, there are traces of Paradise still left among us, yet it is evident, Scripture says little of them in comparison of its accounts of human misery. Little does it say concerning the innocent pleasures of life; of those temporal blessings which rest upon our worldly occupations, and make them easy; of the blessings which we derive from "the sun and moon, and the everlasting hills," from the succession of the seasons, and the produce of the earth;—little about our recreations and our daily domestic comforts;—little about the ordinary occasions of festivity and mirth which occur in life, and nothing at all about those various other enjoyments which it would be going too much into detail to mention. We read, indeed, of the feast made when Isaac was weaned, of Jacob's marriage, of the domestic and religious festivities of Job's family; but these are



exceptions in the tenor of the Scripture history. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity"; "man is born to trouble": these are its customary lessons. The text is but a specimen of the descriptions repeated again and again throughout Scripture of human infirmity and misery.

ii

LET it not seem as if this view of life must make a man melancholy and gloomy. There are, it is true, men of ill-constituted minds, whom it has driven out of the world; but, rightly understood, it has no such tendency. The great rule of our conduct is to take things as they come. He who goes out of his way as shrinking from the varieties of human life which meet him, has weak faith, or a strangely perverted conscience,—he wants elevation of mind. The true Christian rejoices in those earthly things which give joy, but in such a way as not to care for them when they go. For no blessings does he care much, except those which are immortal, knowing that he shall receive all such again in the world to come. But the least and the most fleeting, he is too religious to contemn, considering them God's gift; and the least and most fleeting, thus received, yield a purer and deeper, though a less tumultuous joy. And if he

## MEN OF SORROWS

at times refrains, it is lest he should encroach upon God's bounty, or lest by a constant use of it he should forget how to do without it.

## THE HEAVENLY SEDUCER

“**T**HOU hast seduced me, O Lord,” says the prophet, “and I was seduced ; Thou art stronger than I, and hast prevailed ;” Thou hast thrown Thy net skilfully, and its subtle threads are entwined round each affection of my heart, and its meshes have been a power of God, “bringing into captivity the whole intellect to the service of Christ.” If the world has its fascinations, so surely has the Altar of the living God ; if its pomps and vanities dazzle, so much more should the vision of Angels ascending and descending on the heavenly ladder ; if sights of earth intoxicate, and its music is a spell upon the soul, behold Mary pleads with us, over against them, with her chaste eyes, and offers the Eternal Child for our caress, while sounds of cherubim are heard all round singing from out the fulness of the Divine Glory. Has Divine hope no emotion ? Has Divine charity no transport ? “How dear are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts !” says the prophet ; “my soul doth lust, and doth faint for the courts of the Lord ; my heart and my flesh have rejoiced in the living God. Better is one day in Thy courts above a

## THE HEAVENLY SEDUCER

thousand : I have chosen to be an abject in the house of my God, rather than to dwell in the tabernacles of sinners."

### ii

SO is it, as a great Doctor and penitent has said, St. Augustine : " It is not enough to be drawn by the will ; thou art also drawn by the sense of pleasure. What is to be drawn by pleasure ? ' Delight thou in the Lord, and He will give thee the petitions of thy heart.' There is a certain pleasure of heart when that heavenly Bread is sweet to a man. Moreover, if the poet saith, ' Every one is drawn by his own pleasure,' not by necessity, but by pleasure ; not by obligation but by delight ; how much more boldly ought we to say, that man is drawn to Christ, when he is delighted with truth, delighted with bliss, delighted with justice, delighted with eternal life, all which is Christ ? Have the bodily senses their pleasures, and is the mind without its own ? If so, whence is it said, ' The sons of men shall hope under the covering of Thy wings ; they shall be intoxicated with the richness of Thy house, and with the torrent of Thy pleasure shalt Thou give them to drink : for with Thee is the well of life, and in Thy light we shall see light ' ? ' He, whom the Father draweth, cometh to Me,' " he continues ;

## THE HEAVENLY SEDUCER

“ Whom hath the Father drawn ? him who said, ‘ Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God.’ You present a green branch to the sheep, and you draw it forward ; fruits are offered to the child, and he is drawn ; in that he runs, he is drawn, he is drawn by loving, drawn without bodily hurt, drawn by the bond of the heart. If then it be true that the sight of earthly delight draws on the lover, doth not Christ too draw us when revealed by the Father ? For what doth the soul desire more strongly than truth ? ”

### iii

**S**UCH are the means which God has provided for the creation of the Saint out of the sinner ; He takes him as he is, and uses him against himself : He turns his affections into another channel, and extinguishes a carnal love by infusing a heavenly charity. Not as if He used him as a mere irrational creature, who is impelled by instincts and governed by external incitements without any will of his own, and to whom one pleasure is the same as another, the same in kind, though different in degree. I have already said, it is the very triumph of His grace, that He enters into the heart of man, and persuades it, and prevails with it, while He changes it. He violates in nothing that



## THE HEAVENLY SEDUCER

original constitution of mind which He gave to man : He treats him as man ; He leaves him the liberty of acting this way or that ; He appeals to all his powers and faculties, to his reason, to his prudence, to his moral sense, to his conscience : He rouses his fears as well as his love ; He instructs him in the depravity of sin, as well as in the mercy of God ; but still, on the whole, the animating principle of the new life, by which it is both kindled and sustained, is the flame of charity. This only is strong enough to destroy the old Adam, to dissolve the tyranny of habit, to quench the fires of concupiscence, and to burn up the strongholds of pride. And hence it is that love is presented to us as the distinguishing grace of those who were sinners before they were Saints.

## THE INEVITABLE HOUR

**I**F you would do works meet for penance, they must proceed from a living flame of charity. If you would secure perseverance to the end, you must gain it by continual loving prayer to the Author and Finisher of faith and obedience. If you would have a good prospect of His acceptance of you in your last moments, still it is love alone which secures His love, and blots out sin. My brethren, at that awful hour you may be unable to obtain the last Sacraments ; death may come on you suddenly, or you may be at a distance from a Priest. You may be thrown on yourselves, simply on your own compunction of heart, your own repentance, your own resolutions of amendment. You may have been weeks and weeks at a distance from spiritual aid ; you may have to meet your God without the safeguard, the compensation, the mediation of any holy rite ; and O ! what will save you at such disadvantage, but the exercise of divine love “ poured over your hearts by the Holy Ghost who is given to you ” ? At that hour nothing but a firm habit of charity, which has kept you from mortal sins, or a powerful act of charity which blots them out, will be of any avail to you.

## THE INEVITABLE HOUR

ii

**N**OTHING but charity can enable you to live well or to die well. How can you bear to lie down at night? how can you bear to go a journey? how can you bear the presence of pestilence, or the attack of ever so slight an indisposition, if you are ill provided in yourselves?

## HORA NOVISSIMA

WHENE'ER goes forth Thy dread  
command,  
And my last hour is nigh,  
Lord, grant me in a Christian land,  
As I was born, to die.

I pray not, Lord, that friends may be,  
Or kindred, standing by,—  
Choice blessing ! which I leave to Thee  
To grant me or deny.

But let my failing limbs beneath  
My Mother's smile recline ;  
And prayers sustain my labouring breath  
From out her sacred shrine.

And let the cross beside my bed  
In its dread Presence rest :  
And let the absolving words be said,  
To ease a laden breast.

Thou, Lord, where'er we lie, canst aid ;  
But He, who taught His own  
To live as one, will not upbraid  
The dread to die alone.

## THE SAINTS' STANDARD

**T**HERE was St. Benedict, who, when a boy, left Rome, and betook himself to the Apennines in the neighbourhood. Three years did he live in prayer, fasting, and solitude, while the Evil One assaulted him with temptation. One day, when it grew so fierce that he feared for his perseverance, he suddenly flung himself, in his scanty hermit's garb, among the thorns and nettles near him, thus turning the current of his thoughts, and chastising the waywardness of the flesh, by sensible stings and smarts. There was St. Thomas, too, the Angelical Doctor, as he is called, as holy as he was profound, or rather the more profound in theological science, because he was so holy. "Even from a youth" he had "sought wisdom, he had stretched out his hands on high, and directed his soul to her, and possessed his heart with her from the beginning"; and so, when the minister of Satan came into his very room, and no other defence was at hand, he seized a burning brand from the hearth, and drove that wicked one, scared and baffled, out of his presence. And there was that poor youth in the early persecutions, whom the



## THE SAINTS' STANDARD

impious heathen bound down with cords, and then brought in upon him a vision of evil ; and he in his agony bit off his tongue, and spit it out into the face of the temptress that so the intenseness of the pain might preserve him from the seduction.

### ii.

**N**OT that all Saints have been such in youth : for there are those on the contrary who, not till after a youth of sin, have been brought by the sovereign Grace of God to repentance. Others have been called, not from vice and ungodliness, but from a life of mere ordinary blamelessness, or from a state of lukewarmness, or from thoughtlessness, to heroical greatness, and these have often given up lands, and property, and honours, and station, and repute, for Christ's sake. Kings have descended from their thrones, bishops have given up their rank and influence, the learned have given up their pride of intellect, to become poor monks, to live on coarse fare, to be clad in humble weeds, to rise and pray while others slept, to mortify the tongue with silence and the limbs with toil, and to avow an unconditional obedience to another. In early times were the Martyrs, many of them girls and even children, who bore the most cruel, the most prolonged, the most

## THE SAINTS' STANDARD

diversified tortures, rather than deny the faith of Christ. Then came the Missionaries among the heathen, who, for the love of souls, threw themselves into the midst of savages, risking and perhaps losing their lives in the attempt to extend the empire of their Lord and Saviour, and who, whether living or dying, have by their lives or by their deaths succeeded in bringing over whole nations into the Church. Others have devoted themselves in the time of war or captivity, to the redemption of Christian slaves from pagan or Mahometan masters or conquerors ; others to the care of the sick in pestilences, or in hospitals ; others to the instruction of the poor ; others to the education of children ; others to incessant preaching and the duties of the confessional ; others to devout study and meditation ; others to a life of intercession and prayer. Very various are the Saints, their very variety is a token of God's workmanship ; but however various, and whatever was their special line of duty, they have been heroes in it ; they have attained such noble self-command, they have so crucified the flesh, they have so renounced the world ; they are so meek, so gentle, so tender-hearted, so merciful, so sweet, so cheerful, so full of prayer, so diligent, so forgetful of injuries ; they have sustained such great and continued pains, they have persevered in such vast

## THE SAINTS' STANDARD

labours, they have made such valiant confessions, they have wrought such abundant miracles, they have been blessed with such strange successes, that they have been the means of setting up a standard before us of truth, of magnanimity, of holiness, of love.

### iii

**T**HEY are not always our examples, we are not always bound to follow them ; not more than we are bound to obey literally some of Our Lord's precepts, such as turning the cheek or giving away the coat ; not more than we can follow the course of the sun, moon, or stars in the heavens ; but, though not always our examples, they are always our standard of right and good ; they are raised up to be monuments and lessons, they remind us of God, they introduce us into the unseen world, they teach us what Christ loves, they track out for us the way which leads heavenward. They are to us who see them, what wealth, notoriety, rank, and name are to the multitude of men who live in darkness—objects of our veneration and of our homage.

## THE PEACE OF THE LORD

OUR Saviour gives us a pattern which we are bound to follow. He was a far greater than John the Baptist, yet He came, not with St. John's outward austerity,—condemning the *display* of strictness or gloominess, that we, his followers, might fast the more in private, and be the more austere in our secret hearts. True it is, that such self-command, composure, and inward faith, are not learned in a day; but if they were, why should this life be given to us? It is given us as a very preparation-time for obtaining them. Only look upon the world in this light;—its sights of sorrows are to calm you, and its pleasant sights to try you. There is a bravery in thus going straightforward, shrinking from no duty, little or great, passing from high to low, from pleasure to pain, and making your principles strong without their becoming formal. Learn to be as the Angel, who could descend among the miseries of Bethesda, without losing his heavenly purity or his perfect happiness. Gain healing from troubled waters. Make up your mind to the prospect of sustaining a certain measure of pain and trouble in your

## THE PEACE OF THE LORD

passage through life; by the blessing of God this will prepare you for it,—it will make you thoughtful and resigned without interfering with your cheerfulness.

It will connect you in your own thoughts with the Saints of Scripture, whose lot it was to be patterns of patient endurance; and this association brings to the mind a peculiar consolation. View yourselves and all Christians as humbly following the steps of Jacob, whose days were few and evil; of David, who in his best estate was as a shadow that declineth, and was withered like grass; of Elijah, who despised soft raiment and sumptuous fare; of forlorn Daniel, who led an Angel's life; and be light-hearted and contented, *because* you are thus called to be a member of Christ's pilgrim Church. Realise the paradox of making merry and rejoicing in the world because it is *not* yours. And if you are hard to be affected (as many men are), and think too little about the changes of life, going on in a dull way without hope or fear, feeling neither your need nor the excellence of religion; then again, meditate on the mournful histories recorded in Scripture, in order that your hearts may be opened thereby and roused.



## GOD'S WILL AND OUR FREE WILL

**P**RECISE and absolute as is the teaching of Holy Church concerning the sovereign grace of God, she is as clear and as earnest in teaching also that we are really free and responsible. Every one upon earth might, without any verbal evasion, be saved, as far as God's assistances are concerned. Every man born of Adam's seed, simply and truly, might save himself, if he would, and every man might will to save himself ; for Grace is given to every one for this end. How it is, however, that in spite of this real freedom of man's will, our salvation still depends so absolutely on God's good pleasure is unrevealed ; Divines have devised various modes of reconciling two truths which at first sight seem so contrary to each other ; and these explanations have severally been received by some theologians, and not received by others, and do not concern us now. How man is able fully and entirely to do what he will, while God accomplishes His own supreme will also, is hidden from us, as it is hidden from us how God created out of nothing, or how He foresees the future, or how His attribute of justice is compatible with His

## GOD'S WILL AND OUR FREE WILL

attribute of love. It is one of those "hidden things which belong unto the Lord our God"; but "what are revealed," as the inspired writer goes on to say, "are for us and our children even for everlasting." And this is what is revealed, viz. :—on the one hand, that our salvation depends on ourselves, and on the other, that it depends on God. Did we not depend on ourselves, we should become careless and reckless, nothing we did or did not do having any bearing on our salvation; did we not depend on God, we should be presumptuous and self-sufficient.

## LOVE, THE SOURCE AND THE SAFEGUARD OF FAITH

**F**AITH is an exercise of presumptive reasoning, or of Reason proceeding on antecedent grounds. If children, if the poor, if the busy, can have true Faith, yet cannot weigh evidence, evidence is not the simple foundation on which Faith is built. If the great bulk of serious men believe, not because they have examined evidence, but because they are disposed in a certain way,—because they are “ordained to eternal life,” this must be God’s order of things. Let us attempt to understand it. Let us not disguise it, or explain it away. It may have difficulties, if so, let us own them. Let us fairly meet them : if we can, let us overcome them. It is plain that some safeguard of Faith is needed, some corrective principle which will secure it from running (as it were) to seed, and becoming superstition or fanaticism.

### ii

**W**HAT, then, is the safeguard, if Reason is not? I shall give an answer, which may seem at once commonplace and paradoxical, yet I believe is the true one. The safeguard of Faith is the right state

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of heart. This it is that gives it birth ; it also disciplines it. This is what protects it from bigotry, credulity, and fanaticism. It is holiness, or dutifulness, or the new creation, or the spiritual mind, however we word it, which is the quickening and illuminating principle of true faith, giving it eyes, hands and feet. It was from lack of love towards Christ that the Jews discerned not in Him the Shepherd of their souls. " Ye believe not, because ye are not of My sheep. My sheep hear My voice, and follow Me." It was the regenerate nature sent down from the Father of Lights which drew up the disciples heavenward—which made their affections go forth to meet the Bridegroom, and fixed those affections on Him, till they were as cords of love staying the heart upon the Eternal. " All that the Father giveth Me, shall come to Me. No man can come unto Me, except the Father which hath sent Me draw him. It is written in the Prophets, And they shall be all taught of God. Every man, therefore, that hath heard and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto Me." It is the new life, and not the natural reason, which leads the soul to Christ. Does a child trust his parents because he has proved to himself that they are such, and that they are able and desirous to do him good, or from the instinct of affection ? We *believe*, because we *love*.

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How plain a truth ! What gain is it to be wise above that which is written ? Why, O men, deface with your minute and arbitrary philosophy the simplicity, the reality, the glorious liberty of the inspired teaching ?

### iii

**I**N like manner St. John : “ They went out from us, but they were not of us ; for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us ; but they went out, that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us. But ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things.” If this unction and this knowledge which God the Holy Ghost bestows, be a moral gift (as who will deny ?) then also must our departing from Christ arise from the want of a moral gift, and our adhering to Him must be the consequence of a moral gift. Again : “ The anointing which ye have received of Him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you, but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is true and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in Him.” Surely the faculty by which we know the Truth is here represented to us, not as a power of investigation, but as a moral perception. Right Faith is the faith of a right mind. Faith is an intellectual act ; right Faith is an



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intellectual act, done in a certain moral disposition. Faith is an act of Reason, viz., a reasoning upon presumptions; right Faith is a reasoning upon holy, devout, and enlightened presumptions. Faith ventures and hazards; right Faith ventures and hazards deliberately, seriously, soberly, piously, and humbly, counting the cost and delighting in the sacrifice, As far as, and wherever Love is wanting, so far, and there, Faith runs into excess or is perverted.

### iv

**T**HE grounds of Faith, when animated by the spirit of love and purity, are such as these:—that a Revelation is very needful for man; that it is earnestly to be hoped for from a merciful God; that it is to be expected; nay, that of the two it is more probable that what professes to be a Revelation should be or should contain a Revelation, than that there should be no Revelation at all; that, if Almighty God interposes in human affairs, His interposition will not be in opposition to His known attributes, or to His dealings in the world, or to certain previous revelations of His will; that it will be in a way worthy of Him; that it is likely to bear plain indications of His hand; that it will be for great ends, specified or signified;

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and moreover, that such and such ends are in their nature great, such and such a message important, such and such means worthy, such and such circumstances congruous. I consider that under the guidance of such anticipations and calculations as these, which Faith—not mere Faith, but Faith working by Love—suggests, the honest mind may, under ordinary circumstances, be led, and practically is led, into an acceptable, enlightened, and saving apprehension of Divine Truth without that formal intimacy and satisfaction with the special evidence existing for the facts believed, which is commonly called Reasoning, or the use of Reason, and which results in knowledge.

### V

**S**UCH, then, is real Faith ; a presumption, yet not a mere chance conjecture—a reaching forward, yet not of excitement or of passion—a moving forward in the twilight, yet not without clue or direction ;—a movement from something known to something unknown, but kept in the narrow path of truth by the Law of dutifulness which inhabits it, the Light of Heaven which animates and guides it—and which, whether feeble and dim as in the Heathen, or bright and vigorous as in the Christian, whether merely the

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awakening and struggling conscience, or the "affection of the Spirit," whether as a timid hope, or in the fulness of love, is, under every Dispensation, the one acceptable principle commending us to God for the merits of Christ. And it becomes superstition or credulity, enthusiasm or fanaticism, or bigotry, in proportion as it emancipates itself from this spirit of wisdom and understanding, of counsel and ghostly strength, of knowledge and true godliness, and holy fear. It is itself an intellectual act, and it takes its character from the moral state of the agent. It is perfected, not by intellectual cultivation, but by obedience. It does not change its nature or its function when thus perfected. It remains what it is in itself, an initial principle of action ; but it becomes changed in its quality, as being made spiritual. It is as before a presumption, but the presumption of a serious, sober, thoughtful, pure, affectionate and devout mind. It acts, because it is Faith ; but the direction, firmness, consistency, and precision of its acts, it gains from Love.

## DIFFICULTIES THAT ARE NOT DOUBTS

I AM far from denying that every article of the Christian Creed, whether as held by Catholics or by Protestants, is beset with intellectual difficulties ; and it is simple fact, that, for myself, I cannot answer those difficulties. Many persons are very sensitive of the difficulties of Religion ; I am as sensitive of them as anyone ; but I have never been able to see a connexion between apprehending those difficulties, however keenly, and multiplying them to any extent, and on the other hand doubting the doctrines to which they are attached. Ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt, as I understand the subject ; difficulty and doubt are incommensurate. There of course may be difficulties in the evidence ; but I am speaking of difficulties intrinsic to the doctrines themselves, or to their relations with each other. A man may be annoyed that he cannot work out a mathematical problem, of which the answer is or is not given to him, without doubting that it admits of an answer, or that a certain particular answer is the true one. Of all points of faith, the being of a

## DIFFICULTIES THAT ARE NOT DOUBTS

God is, to my own apprehension, encompassed with most difficulty, and yet borne in upon our minds with most power.

### ii

**S**TARTING then with the being of a God (which is as certain to me as the certainty of my own existence, though when I try to put the grounds of that certainty into logical shape I find a difficulty in doing so in mood and figure to my satisfaction), I look out of myself into the world of men, and there I see a sight which fills me with unspeakable distress. The world seems simply to give the lie to that great truth, of which my whole being is so full; and the effect upon me is, in consequence, as a matter of necessity, as confusing as if it denied that I am in existence myself. If I looked into a mirror, and did not see my face, I should have the sort of feeling which actually comes upon me, when I look into this living busy world, and see no reflection of its Creator. This is, to me, one of those great difficulties of this absolute primary truth, to which I referred just now. Were it not for this voice, speaking so clearly in my conscience and my heart, I should be an atheist, or a pantheist, or a polytheist when I looked into the world. I am speaking for myself only; and I am far from



denying the real force of the arguments in proof of a God, drawn from the general facts of human society and the course of history, but these do not warm me or enlighten me; they do not take away the winter of my desolation, or make the buds unfold and the leaves grow within me, and my moral being rejoice. The sight of the world is nothing else than the prophet's scroll, full of "lamentations, and mourning, and woe."

## iii

TO consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of man, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts; and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship; their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things, as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental

## DIFFICULTIES THAT ARE NOT DOUBTS

anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruption, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race, so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle's words, "having no hope and without God in the world,"—all this is a vision to dizzy and appal; and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human solution.

### iv

WHAT shall be said to this heart-piercing, reason-bewildering fact? I can only answer, that either there is no Creator, or this living society of men is in a true sense discarded from His presence. Did I see a boy of good make and mind, with the tokens on him of a refined nature, cast upon the world without provision, unable to say whence he came, his birth-place or his family connexions, I should conclude that there was some mystery connected with his history, and that he was one, of whom, from one cause or other, his parents were ashamed. Thus only should I be able to account for the contrast between the promise and the condition of his being. And so I argue about the world:—*if* there be a God, *since* there is a God, the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity.

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It is out of joint with the purposes of its Creator. This is a fact, a fact as true as the fact of its existence ; and thus the doctrine of what is theologically called original sin becomes to me almost as certain as that the world exists, and as the existence of God.

## OUR SECRETS

**M**Y brethren, we *have* secret views—secret, that is from men of this world ; secret from politicians, secret from the slaves of mammon, secret from all ambitious, covetous, selfish, and voluptuous men. For religion itself, like its Divine Author and Teacher, is, as I have said, a hidden thing from them ; and not knowing it, they cannot use it as a key to interpret the conduct of those who are influenced by it. They do not enter into them or realise them, even when they are told them ; and they do not believe that a man can be influenced by them, even when he professes them. They are so narrow-minded, such is the meaning of their intellectual make that when a Catholic makes profession of this or that doctrine of the Church—sin, judgement, Heaven, and hell, the blood of Christ, the power of Saints, the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, or the real presence in the Eucharist—and says that these are the objects which inspire his thoughts and directs his actions through the day, they cannot take in that he is in earnest ; for they think, forsooth, that these points ought to be his very difficulties, and are at most nothing more than

trials to his faith, and that he gets over them by putting force on his reason, and thinks of them as little as he can ; and they do not dream that truths such as these have a hold upon his heart, and exert an influence on his life. So it has been from the beginning ; the Jews preferred to ascribe the conduct of Our Lord and His forerunner to any motive but that of a desire to fulfil the will of God. To the Jews they were, as He says, "like children sitting in the market-place, which cry to their companions, saying, We have piped to you, and you have not danced ; we have lamented to you, and you have not mourned." And then He goes on to account for it : "I thank Thee, Father, Lord of Heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones. Yea, Father ; for so hath it been pleasing to Thy sight."



## OUR PERSEVERANCE

**O**MY dearest children, let me not depress you ; it is your duty, your privilege to rejoice ; I would not frighten you more than it is good for you to be frightened. Some of you will take it too much to heart, and will fret yourselves unduly, as I fear. I do not wish to sadden you, but to make you cautious ; doubt not you will be led on, fear not to fall, provided you do but fear a fall. Fearing will secure you from what you fear. Only " be sober, be vigilant," as St. Peter says, beware of taking satisfaction in what you are, understand that the only way to avoid falling back is to press forward. Dread all occasions of sin, get a habit of shrinking from the beginnings of temptation. Never speak confidently about yourselves, nor contemptuously of the religiousness of others, nor lightly of sacred things ; guard your eyes, guard the first springs of thought, be jealous of yourselves when alone, neglect not your daily prayers ; above all, pray specially and continually for the gift of perseverance.

## THE END IS THE TRIAL

**T**HE end of a thing is the trial. It was our Lord's rejoicing in His last solemn hour, that He had done the work for which He was sent. "I have glorified Thee on earth," He says in His prayer, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do ; I have manifested Thy Name to the men whom Thou hast given Me out of the world." It was St. Paul's consolation also ; "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith ; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord shall render to me in that day, the just Judge." Alas, alas ! how different will be our view of things when we come to die, or when we have passed into eternity, from the dreams and pretences with which we beguile ourselves now ! What will Babel do for us then ? will it rescue our souls from the purgatory, or the hell, to which it sends them ? If we were created, it was that we might serve God ; if we have His gifts, it is that we may glorify Him ; if we have a conscience, it is that we may obey it ; if we have the prospect of heaven, it is that we may keep it before us ; if we have light, that we may follow it ; if we

have Grace, that we may save ourselves by means of it. Alas, alas, for those who die without fulfilling their mission ! who were called to be holy, and lived in sin ; who were called to worship Christ, and who plunged into this giddy and unbelieving world ; who were called to fight, and who remained idle ; who were called to be Catholics, and who remained in the religion of their birth ! Alas for those, who have had gifts and talents, and have not used, or misused, or abused them ; who have had wealth, and spent it on themselves ; who have had abilities, and have advocated what was sin, or ridiculed what was true, or scattered doubts against what was sacred ; who have had leisure, and have wasted it on wicked companions, or evil books, or foolish amusements ! Alas for those of whom the best that can be said is, that they are harmless and naturally blameless, while they never have attempted to cleanse their hearts or live in God's sight !

The world goes on from age to age, but the holy Angels and blessed Saints are always crying alas, alas, and woe, woe, over the loss of vocations, and the disappointment of hopes, and the scorn of God's love, and the ruin of souls. One generation succeeds another, and whenever they look down upon earth from their golden thrones, they see scarcely any thing but a multitude of guardian spirits, downcast and sad, each

## THE END IS THE TRIAL

following his own charge, in anxiety, or in terror, or in despair, vainly endeavouring to shield him from the enemy, and failing because he will not be shielded.

## A PRAYER FOR THE END

**T**IMES come and go, and man will not believe, that that is to be which is not yet, or that what now is only continues for a season, and is not eternity. The end is the trial ; the world passes ; it is but a pageant and a scene ; the lofty palace crumbles, the busy city is mute, the ships of Tarshish have sped away. On heart and flesh death is coming ; the veil is breaking. Departing soul, how hast thou used thy talents, thy opportunities, the light poured around thee, the warnings given thee, the Grace inspired into thee ? O my Lord and Saviour, support me in that hour in the strong arms of Thy Sacraments, and by the fresh fragrance of Thy consolations. Let the absolving words be said over me, and the holy oil sign and seal me, and Thy own Body be my food, and Thy Blood my sprinkling ; and let my sweet Mother Mary breathe on me, and my Angel whisper peace to me, and my glorious Saints, and my own dear Father, Philip, smile on me ; that in them all, and through them all, I may receive the gift of perseverance, and die, as I desire to live, in Thy faith, in Thy Church, in Thy service, and in Thy love.



## OF THE UNION OF GOODNESS AND CLEVERNESS

**T**HE human mind may be regarded from two principal points of view, as intellectual and as moral. As intellectual, it apprehends truth ; as moral it apprehends duty. The perfection of the intellect is called ability and talent ; the perfection of our moral nature is virtue. And it is our great misfortune here, and our trial, that, as things are found in the world, the two are separated, and independent of each other ; that, where power of intellect is, there need not be virtue ; and that where right, and goodness, and moral greatness are, there need not be talent. It was not so in the beginning ; not that our nature is essentially different from what it was when first created ; but that the Creator, upon its creation, raised it above itself by a supernatural Grace, which blended together all its faculties, and made them conspire into one whole, and act in common towards one end ; so that, had the race continued in that blessed state of privilege, there never would have been distance, rivalry, hostility between one faculty and another.

AND what makes it worse is, that these various faculties and powers of the human mind have so long been separated from each other, so long cultivated and developed each by itself, that it comes to be taken for granted that they cannot be united; and it is commonly thought, because some men follow duty, others pleasure, others glory, and others intellect, therefore that one of these things excludes the other; that duty cannot be pleasant, that virtue cannot be intellectual, that goodness cannot be great, that conscientiousness cannot be heroic; and the fact is often so, I grant, that there is a separation, though I deny its necessity. I grant, that, from the disorder and confusion into which the human mind has fallen, too often good men are not attractive, and bad men are; too often cleverness, or wit, or taste, or richness of fancy, or keenness of intellect, or depth, or knowledge, or pleasantness and agreeableness, is on the side of error and not on the side of virtue. Excellence, as things are, does lie, I grant, in more directions than one, and it is ever easier to excel in one thing than in two. If then a man has more talent, there is the chance that he will have less goodness; if he is careful about his religious duties, there is the chance he is

behindhand in general knowledge ; and in matter of fact, in particular cases, persons may be found, correct and virtuous, who are heavy, narrow-minded, and un-intellectual, and again, unprincipled men, who are brilliant and amusing. And thus when boyhood is past, and youth is opening, not only is the soul plagued and tormented by the thousand temptations which rise up within it, but it is exposed moreover to the sophistry of the Evil One, whispering that duty and religion are very right indeed, admirable, supernatural—who doubts it?—but that, somehow or other, religious people are commonly either very dull or very tiresome : nay, that religion itself after all is more suitable to women and children, who live at home, than to men.

## iii

**N**OW, my Brethren, observe, the strength of this delusion lies in there being a sort of truth in it. Young men feel a consciousness of certain faculties within them which demand exercise, aspirations which must have an object, for which they do not commonly find exercise or object in religious circles. This want is no excuse for them, if they think, say, or do anything against faith or morals : but still it is the occasion of their sinning. It is the fact,

## GOODNESS AND CLEVERNESS

they are not only moral, they are intellectual beings ; but, ever since the fall of man, religion is here, and philosophy is there ; each has its own centres of influence, separate from the other ; intellectual men desiderate something in the homes of religion, and religious men desiderate something in the schools of science. What I am stipulating for is, that religion and intellect should be found in one and the same place, and exemplified in the same persons. I want to destroy that diversity of centres, which puts everything into confusion by creating a contrariety of influences. I wish the same spots and the same individuals to be at once oracles of philosophy and shrines of devotion. It will not satisfy me, what satisfies so many, to have two independent systems, intellectual and religious, going at once side by side, by a sort of division of labour, and only accidentally brought together. It will not satisfy me, if religion is here, and science there, and young men converse with science all day, and lodge with religion in the evening. It is not touching the evil, to which these remarks have been directed, if young men eat and drink and sleep in one place, and think in another : I want the same roof to contain both the intellectual and moral discipline. Devotion is not a sort of finish given to the sciences ; nor is science a sort of feather in

## GOODNESS AND CLEVERNESS

the cap, if I may so express myself, an ornament and set-off to devotion. I want the intellectual layman to be religious, and the devout ecclesiastic to be intellectual.



## SAINTS AND THEIR SENSE OF SIN

“**O** GOD, be merciful to me, a sinner.” These words set before us what may be called the characteristic mark of the Christian Religion, as contrasted with the various forms of worship and schools of belief, which in early or in later times have spread over the earth. They are a confession of sin and a prayer for mercy. Not indeed that the notion of transgression and of forgiveness was introduced by Christianity, and is unknown beyond its pale ; but what is peculiar to our Divine faith, as to Judaism before it, is this, that confession of sin enters into the idea of its highest saintliness, and that its pattern worshippers and the very heroes of its history are only, and can only be, and cherish in their hearts the everlasting memory that they are, and carry with them into Heaven the rapturous avowal of their being, redeemed, restored transgressors. Such an avowal is not simply wrung from the lips of the neophyte, or the lapsed ; it is not the cry of the common run of men alone, who are buffeting with the surge of temptation in the wide world ; it is the hymn of Saints, it is the triumphant ode sounding from the heavenly harps of

the Blessed before the Throne, who sing to their Divine Redeemer, "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God in Thy blood, out of every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation."

## ii

AND what is to the Saints above, a theme of never-ending thankfulness is, while they are yet on earth, the matter of their perpetual humiliation. Whatever be their advance in the spiritual life, they never rise from their knees, they never cease to beat their breasts, as if sin could possibly be strange to them while they were in the flesh. Others may look up to them, but they ever look up to God; others may speak of their merits, but they only speak of their defects. The young and unspotted, the aged and most mature, he who has sinned least, he who has repented most, the fresh innocent brow, and the hoary head, they unite in this one litany, "O God, be merciful to me, a sinner." So it was with St. Aloysius; so, on the other hand, was it with St. Ignatius; so was it with St. Rose, the youngest of the Saints, who, as a child, submitted her tender frame to the most amazing penances; so was it with St. Philip Neri, one of the most aged, who, when some one praised him, cried out, "Begone! I am a devil, and not

a Saint ” ; and when going to communicate, would protest before his Lord, that he “ was good for nothing, but to do evil.” Such utter self-prostration, I say, is the very badge and token of the servant of Christ ;—and this indeed is conveyed in His own words, when He says, “ I am not come to call the just, but sinners ” ; and it is solemnly recognized and inculcated by Him, in the words which follow the text, “ Every one that exalteth himself, shall be humbled, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.”

## LOVE OF GOD AND MAN

“**B**LESSED be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all consolation. Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we also may be able to comfort those who are in any distress, by the exhortation wherewith we also are exhorted by God.” Here the Apostle Paul speaks of a ministration of charitable services, and he makes it arise out of sympathy with others; our own memory and experience of trouble urging us, and enabling us, to aid others who are in like trouble. Charity, we know, is a theological virtue, and the love of man is, properly speaking, included in the love of God. “Every one,” says St. John, “that loveth Him that begat, loveth him also who is born of Him.” Again, “This commandment we have from God, that he who loveth God, love also his brother.” But there is another virtue distinct from charity, though closely connected with it. As Almighty God Himself has the compassion of a Father on his children, “for He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust”; so, after His pattern, we are called upon to

cherish the virtue of humanity, as it may be called, a virtue which comes of His supernatural Grace, and is cultivated for His sake, though its object is human nature viewed in itself, in its intellect, its affections, and its history.

## ii

**I**T is the habit of this great Apostle to have such full consciousness that he is a man, and such love of others as his kinsmen, that in his own inward conception, and in the tenor of his daily thoughts, he almost loses sight of his gifts and privileges, his station and dignity, except he is called by duty to remember them, and he is to himself merely a frail man speaking to frail men, and he is tender towards the weak from a sense of his own weakness; nay, that his very office and functions in the Church of God, do but suggest to him that he has the imperfections and the temptations of other men. "Every High-Priest," he says, "taken from among men, is ordained for men in the things that appertain to God, that he may offer up gifts and sacrifices for sins; who can have compassion on them that are ignorant and err, because he himself also is compassed with infirmity. And therefore he ought, as for the people, so also for himself, to offer for sins." Observe his singular



condescension ; the one thought which his hierarchical dignity impresses on him, is that he who bears it offers sacrifice for his own sins, and ought to feel for those of others. And when he speaks of himself and of his own office more immediately, it is in the same way. " We preach not ourselves," he says, " but Jesus Christ Our Lord, and ourselves, your servants through Jesus." And then he proceeds, " We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency may be of the power of God, and not of us ; always bearing about in our body the mortification of Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our bodies."

## iii

**W**ONDERFUL to say, he who had rest and peace in the love of Christ was not satisfied without the love of man ; he whose supreme reward was the approbation of God, looked out for the approval of his brethren. He who depended solely on the Creator, yet made himself dependent on the creature. Though he had That which was Infinite, he would not dispense with the finite. He loved his brethren, not only " for Jesus' sake," to use his own expression, but for their own sake also. He lived in them ; he felt with them and for them ; he was anxious about them ; he gave them

## LOVE OF GOD AND MAN

help, and in turn he looked for comfort from them. His mind was like some instrument of music, harp or viol, the strings of which vibrate, though untouched, by the notes which other instruments give forth, and he was ever, according to his own precept, "rejoicing with them that rejoice, and weeping with them that wept," and thus he was the least magisterial of all teachers, and the gentlest and most amiable of all rulers. "Who is weak," he asks, "and I am not weak? Who is scandalised and I am not on fire?" And, after saying this, he characteristically adds, "If I must needs glory, I will glory of the things that concern my infirmity."

## OF HUMAN AFFECTIONS

**T**HERE have been men before now who have supposed Christian love was so diffusive as not to admit of concentration upon individuals ; so that we ought to love all men equally. And many there are who, without bringing forward any theory, yet consider practically that the love of many is something superior to the love of one or two ; and neglect the charities of private life, while busy in the schemes of an expansive benevolence, or of effecting a general union and conciliation among Christians. Now I shall here maintain, in opposition to such notions of Christian love, and with Our Saviour's pattern before me, that the best preparation for loving the world at large, and loving it duly and wisely, is to cultivate an intimate friendship and affection towards those who are immediately about us. It has been the plan of Divine Providence to ground what is good and true in religion and morals, on the basis of our good natural feelings. What we are towards our earthly friends in the instincts and wishes of our infancy, such we are to become at length towards God and man in the extended field of our duties as

accountable beings. To honour our parents is the first step towards honouring God ; to love our brethren according to the flesh the first step towards considering all men our brethren.

## ii

**C**ONSIDER how many other virtues are grafted upon natural feelings. What is Christian high-mindedness, generous self-denial, contempt of wealth, endurance of suffering, and earnest striving after perfection, but an improvement and transformation, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, of that natural character of mind which we call romantic ? On the other hand, what is the instinctive hatred and abomination of sin (which confirmed Christians possess), their dissatisfaction with themselves, their general refinement, discrimination, and caution, but an improvement, under the same Spirit, of their natural sensitiveness and delicacy, fear of pain and sense of shame ? They have been chastised into self-government, by a fitting discipline, and now associate an acute sense of discomfort and annoyance with the notion of sinning. And so of the love of our fellow Christians and of the world at large, it is the love of kindred and friends in a fresh shape ; which has this use, if it had no other, that it is the natural branch on which a spiritual fruit

## OF HUMAN AFFECTIONS

is grafted. The real love of man *must* depend on practice, and therefore must begin by exercising itself on our friends around us, otherwise it will have no existence. By trying to love our relations and friends, by submitting to their wishes, though contrary to our own, by bearing with their infirmities, by overcoming their occasional waywardness by kindness, by dwelling on their excellences, and trying to copy them, thus it is that we form in our hearts that root of charity, which, though small at first, may, like the mustard seed, at last even overshadow the earth.



## SEPARATION OF FRIENDS

**D**EAREST ! he \* longs to speak, as I  
to know,  
And yet we both refrain :  
It were not good : a little doubt below,  
And all will soon be plain.

\* R. Hurrell Froude lately dead when these  
lines were written.

## THE WOFUL RICH

**C**ONSIDER the text, "Woe unto you that are rich! for ye have received your consolation." The words are sufficiently clear (it will not be denied), as spoken of rich persons in Our Saviour's day. Let the full force of the word "consolation" be observed. It is used by way of contrast to the comfort which is promised to the Christian in the list of Beatitudes. Comfort, in the fulness of that word, as including help, guidance, encouragement, and support, is the peculiar promise of the Gospel. The Promised Spirit, who has taken Christ's place, was called by Him "the Comforter." There is then something very fearful in the intimation of the text, that those who have riches thereby receive their portion, such as it is, in full, instead of the Heavenly Gift of the Gospel. The same doctrine is implied in Our Lord's words in the parable of Dives and Lazarus: "Son, remember thou in thy lifetime receivedst *thy* good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but *now* he is *comforted*, and thou art tormented." At another time He said to His disciples, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God! for it is

easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

## ii

NOW, it is usual to dismiss such passages with the remark, that they are directed, not against those who have, but against those who trust in, riches ; as if forsooth they implied no *connection* between the having and the trusting, no warning *lest* the possession led to the idolatrous reliance on them, no necessity of fear and anxiety in the possessors, lest they should become castaways. And this irrelevant distinction is supposed to find countenance in Our Lord's own language on one of the occasions above referred to, in which He first says, " How hardly shall they that *have* riches," then, " How hard is it for them that *trust* in riches, to enter into the kingdom of God " ; whereas surely He only removes His disciples' false impression, that the bare circumstance of possessing wealth was inconsistent with a state of salvation, and no more interprets *having* by *trusting* than makes *trusting* essential to *having*. He connects the two, without identifying, without explaining away ; and the simple question which lies for our determination is this :—whether, considering that they who had riches when

Christ came were likely in His judgement idolatrously to trust in them, there is, or is not, reason for thinking that this likelihood varies materially in different ages ; and, according to the solution of this question, must we determine the application of the woe pronounced in the text to these times. And, at all events, let it be observed, it is for those who would make out that these passages do *not* apply now, to give their reasons for their opinion ; the burden of proof is with them. Till they draw their clear and reasonable distinctions between the first and the nineteenth century, the denunciation hangs over the world—that is, as much as over the Pharisees and Sadducees at our Lord's coming.

## iii

**B**UT, in truth, that Our Lord meant to speak of riches as being in some sense a calamity to the Christian, is plain, not only from such texts as the foregoing, but from His praises and recommendation on the other hand of poverty. For instance, " Sell that ye have and give alms ; provide yourselves bags which wax not old." " If thou wilt be perfect, go sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." " Blessed be ye poor : for yours is the kingdom of God." " When thou makest a dinner or a supper,

## THE WOFUL RICH

call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbours . . . but . . . call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind." And in like manner, St. James : " Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of that kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him ? " Now, I cite these texts in the way of doctrine, not of precept. Whatever be the line of conduct they prescribe to this or that individual (with which I have nothing to do at present), so far seems clear that according to the rule of the Gospel, the absence of wealth is, as such, a more blessed and a more Christian state than the possession of it.

### iv

**A**ND if such be the effect of the pursuit of gain on an individual, doubtless it will be the same on a nation ; and if the peril be so great in the one case, why should it be less in the other ? Rather, considering that the tendencies of things are sure to be brought out, where time and numbers allow them fair course, is it not certain that any multitude, any society of men, whose object is gain, will on the whole be actuated by those feelings, and moulded into that character, which has been above described ? With this thought



## THE WOFUL RICH

before us, it is a very fearful consideration that we belong to a nation which in good measure subsists by making money. I will not pursue it ; nor inquire whether the especial political evils of the day have not their root in that principle, which St. Paul calls the root of all evil, the love of money. Only let us consider the fact, that we *are* money-making people, with Our Saviour's declaration before us against wealth, and trust in wealth : and we shall have abundant matter for serious thought.

## FROM NATURE TO NATURE'S GOD

**W**HAT a number of beautiful and wonderful objects does Nature present on every side of us ! and how little we know concerning them ! In some indeed we see symptoms of intelligence, and we get to form some idea of what they are. For instance, about brute animals we know little, but still we see they have sense, and we understand that their bodily form which meets the eye is but the index, the outside token of something we do not see. Much more in the case of men : we see them move, speak, and act, and we know that all we see takes place in consequence of their will, because they have a spirit within them, though we do not see it. But why do rivers flow ? Why does rain fall ? Why does the sun warm us ? And the wind, why does it blow ? Here our natural reason is at fault ; we know, I say, that it is the *spirit* in man and in beast that makes man and beast move, but reason tells us of no spirit abiding in what is commonly called the natural world, to make it perform its ordinary duties.

OF course, it is *God's* will which *sustains* it all ; so does God's will enable *us* to move also, yet this does not hinder, but in one sense we may be truly said to move ourselves : but how do the wind and water, earth and fire, move ? Now here Scripture interposes, and seems to tell us, that all this wonderful harmony is the work of Angels. Those events which we ascribe to chance as the weather, or to nature as the seasons, are duties done to that God who maketh His Angels to be winds, and His Ministers a flame of fire. For example, it was an Angel which gave to the pool at Bethesda its medicinal quality ; and there is no reason why we should doubt that other health-springs in this and other countries are made such by a like unseen ministry. The fires on Mount Sinai, the thunders and lightnings, were the work of Angels ; and in the Apocalypse we read of the Angels restraining the four winds. Works of vengeance are likewise attributed to them. The fiery lava of the volcanoes, which (as it appears) was the cause of Sodom and Gomorrah's ruin, was caused by the two Angels who rescued Lot. The hosts of Sennacherib were destroyed by an Angel, by means (it is supposed) of a suffocating wind. The pestilence in Israel when David numbered the people was the work of an

## FROM NATURE TO NATURE'S GOD

Angel. The earthquake at the resurrection was the work of an Angel. And in the Apocalypse the earth is smitten in various ways by Angels of vengeance.

### iii

THUS, as far as the Scripture communications go, we learn that the course of Nature, which is so wonderful, so beautiful, and so fearful, is effected by the ministry of those unseen beings. Nature is not inanimate; its daily toil is intelligent; its works are *duties*. Accordingly, the Psalmist says, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handy-work." "O Lord, Thy word endureth for ever in Heaven. Thy truth also remaineth from one generation to another; Thou hast laid the foundation of the earth, and it abideth. They continue this day according to Thine ordinance, for *all things serve Thee*." Still may we say, with grateful and simple hearts, "O all ye works of the Lord, O ye Angels of the Lord, O ye sun and moon, stars of Heaven, showers and dew, winds of God, light and darkness, mountains and hills, green things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord, praise Him, and magnify Him for ever." Thus, whenever we look abroad, we are reminded of those most gracious and holy Beings, the servants of the

## FROM NATURE TO NATURE'S GOD

Holiest, who deign to minister to the heirs of salvation. Every breath of air and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of what matter is.

## FEELING AND ACTION

THE *danger* of an elegant and polite education is, that it separates feeling and acting; it teaches us to think, speak, and be affected aright, without forcing us to practise what is right. I will take an illustration of this, though somewhat a familiar one, from the effect produced upon the mind by reading what is commonly called a romance or novel, which comes under the description of polite literature, of which I am speaking. Such works contain many good sentiments (I am taking the better sort of them): characters too are introduced, virtuous, noble, patient under suffering, and triumphing at length over misfortune. The great truths of religion are upheld, we will suppose, and enforced; and our affections excited and interested in what is good and true. But it is all fiction; it does not exist out of a book which contains the beginning and end of it. *We* have nothing *to do*; we read, are affected, softened or roused, and that is all; we cool again,—nothing comes of it. Now observe the effect of this. God has made us feel in order that we may *go on to act* in consequence of feeling; if then we allow our feelings to be excited



without acting upon them, we do mischief to the moral system within us, just as we might spoil a watch, or other piece of mechanism, by playing with the wheels of it. We weaken its springs, and they cease to act truly.

## ii

AND, since it is very difficult to begin any duty *without* some emotion or other (that is, to begin on mere principles of dry reasoning), a grave question arises, how, after destroying the connection between feeling and acting, shall we get ourselves to act when circumstances make it our duty to do so? For instance, we will say we have read again and again of the heroism of facing danger, and we have glowed with the thought of its nobleness. We have felt how great it is to bear pain, and submit to indignities, rather than wound our conscience; and all this, again and again, when we had no opportunity of carrying our good feelings into practice. Now, suppose at length we actually come into trial, and let us say, our feelings become roused, as often before, at the thought of boldly resisting temptations to cowardice shall we therefore do our duty, quitting ourselves like men? And what is here instanced of fortitude, is true in all cases

## FEELING AND ACTION

of duty. The refinement which literature gives, is that of thinking, feeling, knowing and speaking, right, not of acting right; and thus, while it makes the manners amiable, and the conversation decorous and agreeable, it has no tendency to make the conduct, the practice of the man *virtuous*.

## ROME'S RECRUITS

**I**T is not denied, on the one hand, that there may be persons who come to the Catholic Church on imperfect motives or in a wrong way ; who choose it by criticism, and who, unsubdued by its majesty and its Grace, go on criticising when they are in it ; and who, if they persist and do not learn humility, may criticise themselves out of it again. Nor is it denied, on the other hand, that some who are not Catholics may possibly choose (for instance) Methodism, in the above moral way, viz., because it confirms and justifies the inward feeling of their hearts. This is certainly possible in idea, though what there is venerable, awful, superhuman, in the Wesleyan Conference to persuade one to take it as a prophet, is a perplexing problem ; yet after all, the matter of fact we conceive to lie the other way, viz., that Wesleyans and other sectaries put themselves above their system, not below it ; and though they may in bodily position " sit under " their preacher, yet in the position of their souls and spirit, minds, and judgements, they are exalted high above him.

## THE WORD MADE FLESH

**H**OLY Mass is not a mere form of words—it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is, not the invocation merely, but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood, before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the end, and is the interpretation of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends; they are not mere addresses to the throne of grace, they are instruments of what is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on as if impatient to fulfil their mission. Quickly they go, the whole is quick; for they are all parts of one integral action. Quickly they go; for they are awful words of sacrifice, they are a work too great to delay upon; as when it was said in the beginning, 'What thou doest, do quickly.' Quickly they pass; for the Lord Jesus goes with them, as He passed along the lake in the days of His flesh, quickly calling first one and then another. Quickly they pass; because as the lightning which shineth from one part of the Heaven unto the other, so is the coming of the Son of

## THE WORD MADE FLESH

Man. Quickly they pass ; for they are as the words of Moses, when the Lord came down in the cloud, calling on the Name of the Lord as he passed by, " The Lord the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth." And as Moses on the mountain so we, too, make haste and bow our heads to the earth and adore. So we all around, each in his place, look out for the great Advent, " waiting for the moving of the water." Each in his place, with his own heart, with his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his own intention, with his own prayers, separate but concordant, watching what is going on, watching its progress, uniting in its consummation ;— not painfully and hopelessly following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end, but like a concert of musical instruments, each different, but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our part with God's priest, supporting him, yet guided by him. There are little children there, and old men, and simple labourers, and students in seminaries, priests preparing for Mass, priests making their thanksgiving ; there are innocent maidens, and there are penitents ; but out of these many minds rises one eucharistic hymn, and the great Action is the measure and the scope of it.

## THE HOME OF THE LONELY

**C**HRI<sup>S</sup>T finds us, weary of that world in which we are obliged to live and act, whether as willing or unwilling slaves to it. He finds us needing and seeking a home, and making one, as we best may, by means of the creature, since it is all we can do. Our Lord Jesus Christ, after dying for our sins on the Cross, and ascending on high, left not the world as He found it, but left a blessing behind Him. He left in the world what before was not in it,—a secret home, for faith and love to enjoy, wherever they are found, in spite of the world around us. Do you ask what it is? the chapter from which the text is taken describes it. It speaks of “the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone”; of “the Building fitly framed” and “growing unto an Holy Temple in the Lord”; of “a Habitation of God through the Spirit.” This is the Church of God, which is our true Home of God’s providing, His own heavenly court, where He dwells with Saints and Angels, into which He introduces us by a new birth, and in which we forget the outward world and its many troubles.



WHEN men are distressed with anxiety care and disappointment, what do they? They take refuge in their families; they surround themselves with the charities of domestic life, and make for themselves an inner world, that their affections may have something to rest on. Such was the gift which inspired men anticipated, and we enjoy in the Christian Church. "*Hide me,*" the Psalmist prays, "from the gathering together of the froward, and from the insurrection of wicked doers." Again: "Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest and receivest unto Thee; he shall dwell in Thy court, and shall be satisfied with the pleasures of Thy house, even of Thy Holy Temple: Thou shalt show us wonderful things in Thy righteousness, O God of our salvation." And again: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, which I will require; even that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life: for in the time of trouble He shall *hide* me in His Tabernacle, yea, in the secret place of His dwelling shall He *hide* me, and set me up upon a rock of stone." Again: "Thou art a place to *hide* me in, Thou shalt preserve me from trouble." Once more: "Thanks be to the Lord; for He hath shewed me marvellous great kindness in a strong city."

## iii

WITH which agree many texts in the New Testament, such as St. Paul's words to the Colossians, "Your life is *hid* with Christ in God." We may be full of sorrows ; there may be fightings without and fears within ; we may be exposed to the frowns, censure, or contempt of men ; we may be shunned by them ; or, to take the lightest case, we may be (as we certainly shall be) wearied out by the unprofitableness of this world, by its coldness, unfriendliness, distance, and dreariness ; we shall need something nearer to us. What is our resource ? It is not in arm of man, in flesh and blood, in voice of friend, or in pleasant countenance ; it is that holy home which God has given us in His Church ; it is that everlasting City in which He has fixed His Abode. It is that Mount invisible whence Angels are looking at us with their piercing eyes, and the voices of the dead call us. "Greater is He that is in us than he that is in the world" ; "If God be for us, who can be against us ?"

## iv

WHATEVER has been your past life, whether (blessed be God) you have never trusted aught but God's sacred light within you, or whether you have trusted the world and it has failed you, God's

## THE HOME OF THE LONELY

mercies in Christ are here offered to you in full abundance. Come to Him for them ; approach Him in the way He has appointed and you shall find Him, as He has said, upon His Holy Hill of Zion. Let not your past sins keep you from Him. Whatever they be, they cannot interfere with His grace stored up for all who come to Him for it. If you have in past years neglected Him, perchance you will have to suffer for it ; but fear not ; He will give you Grace and strength to bear such punishment as He may be pleased to inflict. Let not the thought of His just severity keep you at a distance. He can make even pain pleasant to you. Keeping from Him is not to escape from His power, only from His love. Surrender yourselves to Him in faith and holy fear. He is All-merciful, though All-righteous ; and though He is awful in His judgements, He is nevertheless more wonderfully pitiful, and of tender compassion above our largest expectations ; and in the case of all who humbly seek Him, He will in " wrath remember mercy."

## CONSOLATION

“ It is I ; be not afraid.”

WHEN I sink down in gloom or fear,  
Hope blighted or delay'd,  
Thy whisper, Lord, my heart shall cheer,  
“ 'Tis I : be not afraid ! ”

Or, startled at some sudden blow,  
If fretful thoughts I feel,  
“ Fear not, it is but I ! ” shall flow,  
As balm my wound to heal.

Nor will I quit Thy way, though foes  
Some onward pass defend ;  
From each rough voice the watchword goes  
“ Be not afraid ! . . . a friend ! ”

And oh ! when judgment's trumpet clear  
Awakes me from the grave,  
Still in its echo may I hear,  
“ 'Tis Christ ; He comes to save.”

## THE OTHER WORLD

**T**AKING the things which we see altogether, and the things we do not see altogether, the world we do not see is on the whole a much higher world than that which we do see. For, first of all, He is there who is above all beings, who has created all, before whom they all are as nothing, and with whom nothing can be compared. Almighty God, we know, exists more really and absolutely than any of those fellow-men whose existence is conveyed to us through the senses ; yet we see Him not, hear Him not, we do but " feel after Him," yet without finding Him. And in that other world are the souls also of the dead. They too, when they depart hence, do not cease to exist, but they retire from this visible scene of things ; or, in other words, they cease to act towards us and before us *through our senses*. They live as they lived before ; but that outward frame, through which they were able to hold communion with other men, is in some way, we know not how, separated from them, and dries away and shrivels up as leaves may drop off a tree.

ANGELS also are inhabitants of the world invisible, and concerning them much more is told us than concerning the souls of the Faithful Departed, because the latter "rest from their labours"; but the Angels are actively employed among us in the Church. They are said to be "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation." No Christian is so humble but he has Angels to attend on him, if he lives by faith and love. Though they are so great, so glorious, so pure, so wonderful, that the very sight of them (if we were allowed to see them) would strike us to the earth, as it did the prophet Daniel, holy and righteous as he was; yet they are our "fellow-servants" and our fellow-workers, and they carefully watch over and defend even the humblest of us, if we be Christ's. That they form a part of our unseen world, appears from the vision seen by the patriarch Jacob. We are told that when he fled from his brother Esau, "he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun had set; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep." How little did he think that there was anything very wonderful in this spot! It looked like any other spot. It was a



lone, uncomfortable place : there was no house there : night was coming on ; and he had to sleep upon the bare rock. Yet how different was the truth ! He saw but the world that is seen ; he saw not the world that is not seen ; yet the world that is not seen was there. " He dreamed, and behold, a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached up to Heaven ; and behold, the Angels of God ascending and descending on it. And behold, the Lord stood above it." This was the other world. Now, let this be observed. Persons commonly speak as if the other world did not exist now, but would after death. No : it exists now, though we see it not. It is among us and around us. Jacob was shown this in his dream. Angels were all about him, though he knew it not. And what Jacob saw in his sleep, that Elisha's servant saw as if with his eyes ; and the shepherds, at the time of the Nativity, not only saw, but heard.

## iii

**WE** are then in a world of spirits, as well as in a world of sense, and we hold communion with it, and take part in it, though we are not conscious of doing so. If this seems strange to any one, let him reflect that we are undeniably taking part in a third world, which we do indeed see, but about which we do not know more

than about the Angelic hosts,—the world of brute animals. Can anything be more marvellous or startling, unless we were used to it, than that we should have a race of beings about us whom we do but see, and as little know their state, or can describe their interests, or their destiny, as we can tell of the inhabitants of the sun and moon? It is indeed a very overpowering thought, when we get to fix our minds on it, that we familiarly use, I may say hold intercourse with creatures who are as much strangers to us, as mysterious, as if they were the fabulous, unearthly beings, more powerful than man, and yet his slaves, which Eastern superstitions have invented. We have more real knowledge about the Angels than about the brutes. They have apparently passions, habits, and a certain accountableness, but all is mystery about them. We do not know whether they can sin or not, whether they are under punishment, whether they are to live after this life. We inflict very great sufferings on a portion of them, and they in turn, every now and then, seem to retaliate upon us, as if by a wonderful law. We depend upon them in various important ways; we use their labour, we eat their flesh. This, however, relates to such of them as come near us: cast your thoughts abroad on the whole number of them, large and small, in vast forests, or in the water,

or in the air ; and then say whether the presence of such countless multitudes, so various in their natures, so strange and wild in their shapes, living on the earth without ascertainable object, is not as mysterious as any thing which Scripture says about the Angels ? Is it not plain to our senses that there is a world inferior to us in the scale of beings, with which we are connected without understanding what it is ? and is it difficult to faith to admit the word of Scripture concerning our connection with a world superior to us ?

## iv

**W**HEN the Angels appeared to the shepherds it was a sudden appearance, "*Suddenly* there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host." How wonderful a sight ! The night had before that, seemed just like any other night ; as the evening on which Jacob saw the vision seemed like any other evening. They were keeping watch over their sheep ; they were watching the night as it passed. The stars moved on,—it was midnight. They had no idea of such a thing when the Angel appeared. Such are the power and virtue hidden in things which are seen, and at God's will they are manifested. They were manifested for a moment to Jacob, for a moment to Elisha's servant,

## THE OTHER WORLD

for a moment to the shepherds. They will be manifested for ever when Christ comes at the Last Day "in the glory of His Father with the holy Angels." Then this world will fade away and the other world will shine forth.

### V

**S**HINE forth, O Lord, as when on Thy Nativity Thine Angels visited the shepherds ; let Thy glory blossom forth as bloom and foliage on the trees ; change with Thy mighty power this visible world into that diviner world, which as yet we see not ; destroy what we see, that it may pass and be transformed into what we believe. Bright as is the sun, and the sky, and the clouds ; green as are the leaves and the fields ; sweet as is the singing of the birds ; we know that they are not all, and we will not take up with a part for the whole. They proceed from a centre of love and goodness, which is God Himself ; but they are not His fulness ; they speak of Heaven, but they are not Heaven ; they are but as stray beams and dim reflections of His Image ; they are but crumbs from the table. We are looking for the coming of the day of God, when all this outward world, fair though it be, shall perish ; when the Heavens shall be burnt, and the earth melt away. We can bear the loss,

## THE OTHER WORLD

for we know it will be but the removing of a veil. We know that to remove the world which is seen, will be the manifestation of the world which is not seen. We know that what we see is as a screen hiding from us God and Christ, and His Saints and Angels.

## REMEMBER ME !

“**R**EMEMBER me, O Lord, when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.” Such was the prayer of the penitent thief on the cross, such must be our prayer. Who can do us any good, but He, who shall also be our Judge? When shocking thoughts about ourselves come across us and afflict us, “Remember me,” this is all we have to say. We have “no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom” of our own, to better ourselves withal. We can say nothing to God in defence of ourselves,—we can but acknowledge that we are grievous sinners, and addressing Him as suppliants, merely beg Him to bear us in mind in mercy, for His Son’s sake to do us some favour, not according to our deserts, but for the love of Christ. Those whom Christ saves are they who at once attempt to save themselves, yet despair of saving themselves; who aim to do all, and confess they do nought; who are all love, and all fear; who are the most holy, and yet confess themselves the most sinful; who ever seek to please Him, yet feel they never can; who are full of good works, yet of works of penance. All this seems a contradiction to



## REMEMBER ME !

the natural man, but it is not so to those whom Christ enlightens. They understand in proportion to their illumination, that it is possible to work out their salvation, yet to have it wrought out for them, to fear and tremble at the thought of judgment, yet to rejoice always in the Lord, and hope and pray for His coming.

## LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

(Lines written at Sea).

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the en-  
circling gloom

Lead Thou me on !

The night is dark, and I am far from home—

Lead Thou me on !

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path, but now  
Lead Thou me on !

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will : remember not past  
years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone ;

And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost  
awhile.

## OF OUR FASTS

**E**VEN in our penitential exercises, when we could least have hoped to find a pattern in Him, Christ has gone before us to sanctify them to us. He has blessed fasting as a means of Grace, in that He has fasted ; and fasting is only acceptable when it is done for His sake. Penitence is mere formality, or mere remorse, unless done in love. If we fast, without uniting ourselves in heart to Christ, imitating Him, and praying that He would make our fasting His own, would associate it with His own, and communicate to it the virtue of His own, so that we may be in Him, and He in us ; we fast as Jews, not as Christians.

## OF OUR TEMPTATIONS

LET it not distress Christians, even if they find themselves exposed to thoughts from which they turn with abhorrence and terror. Rather let such a trial bring before their thoughts, with something of vividness and distinctness, the condescension of the Son of God. For if it be a trial to us creatures and sinners to have thoughts alien from our hearts presented to us, what must have been the suffering to the Eternal Word, God of God, and Light of Light, Holy and True, to have been so subjected to Satan, that he could inflict every misery on Him short of sinning? Certainly it is a trial to us for Satan to be allowed so to mix his own thoughts with ours, that we feel guilty even when we are not ; nay, to be able to set on fire our irrational nature, till in some sense we really sin against our will : but has not One gone before us more awful in His trial, more glorious in His victory? He was tempted in all points " like as we are, yet without sin."

## IN PLEASANT PLACES

**I**T is said that we ought to enjoy this life as the gift of God. Easy circumstances are generally thought a special happiness ; it is thought a great point to get rid of annoyance or discomfort of mind and body ; it is thought allowable and suitable to make use of all means available for making life pleasant. We desire, and confess we desire, to make time pass agreeably, and to live in the sunshine. All things harsh and austere are carefully put aside. We shrink from the rude lap of earth, and the embrace of the elements, and we build ourselves houses in which the flesh may enjoy its lust, and the eye its pride. We aim at having all things at our will. Cold, and hunger, and hard lodging, and ill usage, and humble offices, and mean appearance, are all considered serious evils. And thus year follows year, to-morrow as to-day, till we think that this, our artificial life, is our natural state, and must and ever will be. But, O ye sons and daughters of men, what if this fair weather but ensure the storm afterwards ? Sinners as ye are, act at least like the prosperous heathen, who threw his choicest trinket into the water, that he might

propitiate fortune. Give back some of God's gifts to God, that you may safely enjoy the rest. Fast, or watch, or abound in alms, or be instant in prayer, or deny yourselves society, or pleasant books, or easy clothing, or take on you some irksome task or employment; do one or other, or some, or all of these, unless you say that you have never sinned, and may go like Esau with a light heart to take your crown. Ever bear in mind that Day which will reveal all things, and will test all things, "so as by fire," and which will bring us into judgement ere it lodges us in Heaven.



## THE WAY

**W**HO is there, who, on setting out on a journey, sees before him his destination? How often, when a person is making for a place which he has never seen, he says to himself, that he cannot believe that at a certain time he really will be there? There is nothing in what he at present sees which conveys to him the assurance of the future; and yet, in time, that future will be present. So is it as regards our spiritual course: we know not what we shall be; but begin it, and, at length, by God's Grace, you will end it; not, indeed, with the Grace He now has given, but by fresh and fresh Grace, fuller and fuller, increased according to your need. Thus you will *end*, if you do but begin; but begin not *with* the end; begin with the beginning; mount up the heavenly ladder step by step.

### ii

**L**ET us begin with faith; let us begin with Christ; let us begin with His Cross and the humiliation to which it leads. Let us first be drawn to Him who is lifted up, that so He may, with Himself,

freely give us all things. Let us "seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness," and then all those things of this world "will be added to us." They alone are able truly to enjoy this world, who begin with the world unseen. They alone enjoy it, who have first abstained from it. They alone can truly feast, who have first fasted; they alone are able to use the world, who have learned not to abuse it; they alone inherit it, who take it as a shadow of the world to come, and who for that world to come relinquish it.

## MODERATION IN ALL THINGS

**F**ASTING is a duty ; but we ought to fast according to our strength. God requires nothing of us beyond our strength ; but the utmost according to our strength. " She has done what she could," was His word of commendation to Mary. Now, to forget or to miss this truth, is very common with beginners, even through mere ignorance or inadvertence. They know not what they can do, and what they cannot, as not having yet tried themselves. And then, when that they hoped was easy, proves a great deal too much for them, they fail, and then are dispirited. They wound their conscience as being unable to fulfil their own resolves, and they are reduced to a kind of despair ; or they are tempted to be reckless, and to give up all endeavours whatever to obey God, because they are not strong enough for everything. And thus it often happens that men rush from one extreme to another, and even profess themselves free to live without any rule of self-government at all, after having professed great strictness, or even extravagance, in their mode of living.

THIS applies of course to all duties whatever. We should be very much on our guard, when we are engaged in contemplating the lives of holy men, against attempting just what they did; which might be right indeed in them, and yet may be wrong in us. Holy men may say and do things which we have no right to say and do. Profession by word of mouth, religious language, rebuking others, and the like, may be natural and proper in them, and forced and out of place in us. We ought to attempt nothing but what we can do. There is a kind of inward feeling which often tells us what we have a right to do, and what we have not. We have often a kind of misgiving, as if what we are tempted to do does not really belong to us. Let us carefully attend to this inward voice. This applies especially to our devotions: common men have no right to use the prayers which advanced Christians use without offending; and if they attempt it, they become *unreal*; an offence which all persons, who have any faith and reverence, will endeavour earnestly to avoid.

## FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT

**P**RUNE thou thy words, the thoughts  
control

That o'er thee swell and throng ;  
They will condense within thy soul  
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run  
In soft luxurious flow,  
Shrinks when hard service must be done,  
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,  
Where hearts and wills are weigh'd,  
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers  
Which bloom their hour and fade.

## PROGRESS

**I**T is only by slow degrees that meditation is able to soften our hard hearts, and that the history of Christ's trials and sorrow really moves us. It is not once thinking of Christ or twice thinking of Christ that will do it. It is by going on quietly and steadily, with the thought of Him in our mind's eye, that by little and little we shall gain something of warmth, light, life, and love. We shall not perceive ourselves changing. It will be like the unfolding of the leaves in Spring. You do not see them grow ; you cannot, by watching, detect it. But every day, as it passes, has done something for them ; and you are able, perhaps, every morning to say that they are more advanced than yesterday. So is it with our souls ; not indeed every morning, but at certain periods, we are able to see that we are more alive and religious than we were, though during the interval we were not conscious that we were advancing.



## HEALING PAIN

**I**T must not be supposed, because the doctrine of the Cross makes us sad, that therefore the Gospel is a sad religion. The Psalmist says, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy"; and Our Lord says, "They that mourn shall be comforted." Let no one go away with the impression that the Gospel makes us take a gloomy view of the world and of life. It hinders us indeed from taking a superficial view, and finding a vain transitory joy in what we see; but it forbids our immediate enjoyment, only to grant enjoyment in truth and fulness afterwards. It only forbids us to *begin* with enjoyment. It only says, If you begin with pleasure, you will end with pain. It bids us begin with the Cross of Christ, and in that Cross we shall at first find sorrow, but in a while peace and comfort will rise out of that sorrow. That Cross will lead us to mourning, repentance, humiliation, prayer, fasting; we shall sorrow for our sins, we shall sorrow with Christ's sufferings; but all this sorrow will only issue, nay, will be undergone in a happiness far greater than the enjoyment which the world gives. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither

## HEALING PAIN

have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." And thus the Cross of Christ, as telling us of our redemption, as well as of His sufferings wounds us indeed, but so wounds as to heal also.

## OF THE WORKING OF ALL THINGS TOGETHER

**W**HEN Christ came in the flesh, "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not." Nor did he strive, nor cry, nor lift up His voice in the streets. So it is now. He still is here ; He still whispers to us, He still makes signs to us. But His voice is so low, and the world's din is so loud, and His signs are so covert, and the world is so restless, that it is difficult to determine when He addresses us, and what He says. Religious men cannot but feel, in various ways, that His providence is guiding them and blessing them personally, on the whole ; yet when they attempt to put their finger upon the times and places, the traces of His presence disappear. Who is there, for instance, but has been favoured with answers to prayer, such that, at the time, he has felt he never could again be unbelieving ? Who has not had strange coincidences in his course of life which brought before him, in an overpowering way, the hand of God ? Who has not had thoughts come upon him with a sort of mysterious force, for his warning or his direction ? And some persons, perhaps,

experience stranger things still. Wonderful providences have before now been brought about by means of dreams ; or in other still more unusual ways Almighty God has at times interposed. And then, again, things which come before our eyes, in such wise take the form of types and omens of things moral or future, that the spirit within us cannot but reach forward and presage what it is not told from what it sees. And sometimes these presages are remarkably fulfilled in the event. And then, again, the fortunes of men are so singularly various, as if a law of success and prosperity embraced a certain number, and a contrary law others.

## ii

**A**LL this being so, and the vastness and mystery of the world being borne in upon us, we may well begin to think that there is nothing here below, but, for what we know has a connection with everything else ; the most distant events may yet be united, the meanest and highest may be parts of one ; and God may be teaching us and offering us knowledge of His ways, if we will but open our eyes, in all the ordinary matters of the day. This is what thoughtful persons come to believe, and they begin to have a sort of faith in the Divine meaning of the accidents (as they

## OF THE WORKING OF ALL THINGS TOGETHER

are called) of life, and a readiness to take impressions from them, which may easily become excessive, and which, whether excessive or not, is sure to be ridiculed by the world at large as superstition. Yet, considering Scripture tells us that the very hairs of our head are all numbered by God, that all things are ours, and that *all things work together for our good*, it does certainly encourage us in thus looking out for His presence in everything that happens however trivial, and in holding that to religious ears even the bad world prophecies of Him.

## ALIEN TO HEAVEN'S WORTH

**H**OLINESS, or inward separation from the world, is necessary to our admission into Heaven, because Heaven is *not* Heaven, is not a place of happiness *except* to the holy. There are bodily indispositions which affect the taste, so that the sweetest flavours become ungrateful to the palate; and indispositions which impair the sight, tinging the fair face of nature with some sickly hue. In like manner, there is a moral malady which disorders the inward sight and taste, and no man labouring under it is in a condition to enjoy what Scripture calls "the fulness of joy in God's presence, and pleasures at His right hand for evermore." Nay, I will venture to say more than this;—it is fearful, but it is right to say it;—that if we wished to imagine a punishment for an unholy, reprobate soul, we perhaps could not fancy a greater than to *summon it to heaven*. Heaven would be hell to an irreligious man. We know how unhappy we are apt to feel at present, when alone in the midst of strangers, or of men of different tastes and habits from ourselves. How miserable, for example would it be to have to live in a foreign land, among a



## ALIEN TO HEAVEN'S WORTH

people whose faces we never saw before, and whose language we could not learn. And this is but a faint illustration of the loneliness of a man of earthly dispositions and tastes, thrust into the society of Saints and Angels. How forlorn would he wander through the courts of Heaven !

## ONLY GOD

**T**O every one of us there are but two beings in the whole world, himself and God ; for, as to this outward scene, its pleasures and pursuits, its honours and cares, its contrivances, its personages, its kingdoms, its multitude of busy slaves, what are they to us ? nothing —no more than a show : “The world passeth away and the lust thereof.” And as to those others nearer to us, who are not to be classed with the vain world, I mean our friends and relations, whom we are right in loving, these, too, after all, are nothing to us here. They cannot really help or profit us ; we see them, and they act upon us, only (as it were) at a distance, through the medium of sense ; they cannot get at our souls ; they cannot enter into our thoughts, or really be companions to us. In the next world it will, through God’s mercy, be otherwise ; but here we enjoy, not their presence, but the anticipation of what one day shall be ; so that, after all, they vanish before the clear vision we have, first, of our own existence, next of the presence of the great God in us, and over us, as our Governor and Judge, who dwells in us by our conscience, which is His representative.

## THE MENTAL PASSION OF CHRIST

**T**HIS is what St. Mark tells us of Him : and he is said to have written it from the very mouth of St. Peter, who was one of three witnesses present at the time. "They came," he says, "to the place which is called Gethsemane ; and He saith to His disciples, Sit you here, while I pray. And He taketh with Him Peter and James and John, and He *began to be* frightened and to be very heavy." You see how deliberately He acts ; He comes to a certain spot ; and then, giving the word of command, and withdrawing the support of the Godhead from His soul, distress, terror, and dejection at once rush in upon it. Thus He walks forth into a mental agony with as definite an action as if it were some bodily torture, the fire or the wheel.

And now, what was it He had to bear, when He thus opened upon his soul the torrent of this predestinated pain ? Alas ! He had to bear what is well known to us, what is familiar to us, but what to Him was woe unutterable. He had to bear, that which is so easy a thing to us, so natural, so welcome, that we cannot conceive of it as of a great endurance, but which to Him had the scent and the poison of

death;—He had to bear the weight of sin; He had to bear your sins; He had to bear the sins of the whole world. Sin is an easy thing to us; we think little of it; we do not understand how the Creator can think much of it; we cannot bring our imagination to believe that it deserves retribution, and, when even in this world punishments follow upon it, we explain them away or turn our minds from them. But consider what it is in itself; it is rebellion against God; it is a traitor's act who aims at the overthrow and death of his sovereign; it is that, if I may use a strong expression, which, could the Divine Governor of the world cease to be, would be sufficient to bring it about. It is the mortal enemy of the All-holy, so that He and it cannot be together; and as the All-holy drives it from His presence into the outer darkness, so, if God could be less than God, it would have power to make Him so.

## ii

**T**HERE, then, in that most awful hour, knelt the Saviour of the world, putting off the defences of His divinity, dismissing His reluctant Angels, who in myriads were ready at His call, and opening His arms, baring His breast, sinless as He was, to the assault of His foe,—of a foe whose breath was a pestilence, and whose embrace was an

agony. There He knelt, motionless and still, while the vile and horrible fiend clad His spirit in a robe steeped in all that is hateful and heinous in human crime, which clung close round His heart, and filled His conscience, and found its way into every sense and pore of His mind, and spread over Him a moral leprosy, till He almost felt Himself that which He never could be, and which His foe would fain have made Him. O the horror, when He looked, and did not know Himself, and felt as a foul and loathsome sinner, from His vivid perception of that mass of corruption which poured over His head and ran down even to the skirts of His garments! O the distraction, when He found His eyes, and hands, and feet, and lips, and heart, as if the members of the evil one, and not of God! Are these the hands of the immaculate Lamb of God, once innocent, but now red with ten thousand barbarous deeds of blood? are these His lips, not uttering prayer, and praise, and holy blessings, but defiled with oaths, and blasphemies, and doctrines of devils? or His eyes, profaned as they are by all the evil visions and idolatrous fascinations for which men have abandoned their Adorable Creator? And His ears, they ring with sounds of revelry and of strife; and His heart is frozen with avarice, and cruelty, and unbelief; and His very memory is laden with every sin

## THE MENTAL PASSION OF CHRIST

which has been committed since the fall, in all regions of the earth, with the pride of the old giants, and the lusts of the five cities, and the obduracy of Egypt, and the ambition of Babel, and the unthankfulness and scorn of Israel.

### iii

**I**T is the long history of a world, and God alone can bear the load of it. Hopes blighted, vows broken, lights quenched, warnings scorned, opportunities lost; the innocent betrayed, the young hardened, the penitent relapsing, the just overcome, the aged failing; the sophistry of misbelief, the wilfulness of passion, the tyranny of habit, the canker of remorse, the wasting of care, the anguish of shame, the pining of disappointment, the sickness of despair; such cruel, such pitiable spectacles, such heartrending, revolting, detestable maddening scenes; nay, the haggard faces, the convulsed lips, the flushed cheek, the dark brow of the willing victims of rebellion, they are all before Him now; they are upon Him and in Him. They are with Him instead of that ineffable peace which has inhabited His soul since the moment of His conception. They are upon Him, they are all but His own; He cries to His Father as if He were the criminal, not the victim; His agony takes the form



## THE MENTAL PASSION OF CHRIST

of guilt and compunction. He is doing penance, He is making confession, He is exercising contrition with a reality and a virtue infinitely greater than that of all Saints and penitents together; for He is the One Victim for us all, the sole Satisfaction, the real Penitent, all but the real sinner.

### iv

**H**E rises languidly from earth, and turns around to meet the traitor and his band, now quickly nearing the deep shade. He turns, and lo! there is blood upon His garment and in His footprints. Whence come these first-fruits of the passion of the Lamb! no soldier's scourge has touched His shoulders, nor the hangman's nails His hands and feet. He has bled before His time; He has shed blood, and it is His agonizing soul which has broken up His bodily frame and sent it forth. His passion has begun from within. That tormented Heart, the seat of tenderness and love, began at length to labour and to beat with vehemence beyond its nature; "the fountains of the great deep were broken up"; the red streams poured forth so copious and fierce as to overflow the veins, and, bursting through the pores, they stood in a thick dew over His whole skin; then, forming into drops, they rolled down full and heavy, and drenched the ground.

## THE MENTAL PASSION OF CHRIST

He has not yet exhausted that full chalice, from which at first His natural infirmity shrank. The seizure, and the arraignment, and the buffeting, and the prison, and the trial, and the mocking, and the passing to and fro, and the scourging, and the crown of thorns, and the slow march to Calvary, and the crucifixion, these are all to come. A night and a day, hour after hour, is slowly to run out, before the end comes, and the Satisfaction is completed.

And then, when the appointed moment arrived, and He gave the word, as His passion had begun with His soul, with the soul did it end. He did not die of bodily exhaustion, or of bodily pain; His tormented Heart broke, and He commended His Spirit to the Father.

## IN THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND

**I**T sometimes happens, from ill health or other cause, that persons fall into religious despondency. They fancy that they have so abused God's mercy that there is no hope for them ; that once they knew the Truth, but that now it is withdrawn from them ; that they have had warnings which they have neglected, and now they are left by the Holy Spirit, and given over to Satan. Then, they recollect divers passages of Scripture, which speak of the peril of falling away, and they apply these to their own case. Now I speak of such instances, only so far as they can be called ailments of the mind—for often they must be treated as ailments of the body. As far as they are mental, let us observe how it will conduce to restore the quiet of the mind, to attend to the humble ordinary duties of our station.

### ii

**S**OMETIMES, indeed, persons thus afflicted increase their disorder by attempting to console themselves by those elevated Christian doctrines which St. Paul enlarges on ; and others encourage

them in it. But St. Paul's doctrine is not intended for weak and unstable minds. He says himself: "We speak wisdom among them that *are perfect*"; not to those who are (what he calls) "babes in Christ." In proportion as we gain strength we shall be able to understand and profit by the full promises of the Christian covenant; but those who are confused, agitated, restless in their minds, who busy themselves with many thoughts, and are overwhelmed with conflicting feelings, such persons are, in general, made more restless and more unhappy (as the experience of sick beds may show us), by holding out to them doctrines and assurances which they cannot rightly apprehend.

iii

**N**OW, not to speak of that peculiar blessing which is promised to obedience to God's will, let us observe how well it is calculated, by its natural effect, to soothe and calm the mind. When we set about to obey God, in the ordinary businesses of daily life, we are at once interested by realities which withdraw our minds from vague fears and uncertain indefinite surmises about the future. Without laying aside the thoughts of Christ (the contrary), still we learn to view Him in His tranquil providence, before we set about contem-

plating His greater works, and we are saved from taking an unchristian thought for the morrow, while we are busied in present services. Thus our Saviour gradually discloses Himself to the troubled mind ; not as He is in heaven, as when He struck down Saul to the ground, but as He was in the days of His flesh, eating and conversing among His brethren, and bidding us, in imitation of Him, think no duty beneath the notice of those who sincerely wish to please God.

iv

**S**UCH afflicted inquirers, then, after truth, must be exhorted to keep a guard upon their feelings, and to control their hearts. They say they are terrified lest they should be past hope ; and they will not be persuaded that God is all-merciful, in spite of all the Scriptures say to that effect. Well, then, I would take them on their own ground. Supposing their state to be as wretched as is conceivable, can they deny it is their duty *now* to serve God ? Can they do better than try to serve Him ? Job said, " Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." They say they do not *wish* to serve God, —that they want a heart to serve Him. Let us grant (if they will have it so), that they are most obdurate ; still they are



## IN THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND

alive,—they must be doing something, and can they do aught better than try to quiet themselves, and be resigned, and to do right rather than wrong, even though they are persuaded that it does not come from their heart, and is not acceptable to God?

### V

**I**T must not be for an instant supposed I am admitting the possibility of a person being rejected by God, who has any such right feelings in his mind. The anxiety of the sufferers I have been describing, shows they are still under the influence of Divine grace, though they will not allow it; but I say this, to give another instance in which a determination to obey God's will strictly in ordinary matters tends, through His blessing, to calm and comfort the mind, and to bring it out of perplexity into the clear day. And so in various other cases which might be recounted. Whatever our difficulty be, this is plain. "Wait on the Lord, and keep His way, and He shall exalt thee." Or in Our Saviour's words: "He that hath My commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me; and he that loveth Me, shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him." "Whosoever shall do and teach these least



IN THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND

commandments, shall be called great in the kingdom of Heaven." "Whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance."

## JOY AND FEAR

**H**OW joy and fear can be reconciled, words cannot show. Act and deed alone can show how. Let a man try both to fear and to rejoice, as Christ and His Apostles tell him, and in time he will learn how ; but when he has learned, he will be as little able to explain how it is he does both, as he was before. He will seem inconsistent, and may easily be proved to be so, to the satisfaction of irreligious men, as Scripture is called inconsistent. He becomes the paradox which Scripture enjoins. This is variously fulfilled in the case of men of advanced holiness. They are accused of the most opposite faults ; of being proud, and of being mean ; of being over-simple, and being crafty ; of having too strict, and at the same time, too lax a conscience ; of being unsocial, and yet being worldly ; of being too literal in explaining Scripture, and yet of adding to Scripture, and superseding Scripture. Men of the world, or men of inferior religiousness, cannot understand them, and are fond of criticising those who, in seeming to be inconsistent, are but like Scripture teaching. Once more, peace is part of this same temper also. "The peace of God,"

## JOY AND FEAR

says the Apostle, "which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." There are many things in the Gospel to alarm us, many to agitate us, many to transport us, but the end and issue of all these is *peace*.

## CHRISTIAN SOLIDARITY

**I**T is one comfortable thought, and the highest of all, that Christ, who is on the right hand of God exalted, has felt all that we feel, sin excepted ; but it is very comfortable also, that the new and spiritual man, which He creates in us, or creates us into,—that is, the Christian, as he is naturally found everywhere,—has everywhere the same temptations, and the same feelings under them, whether innocent or sinful ; so that, as we are all bound together in our Head, so are we bound together, as members of one body, in that body, and believe, obey, sin, and repent, all in common. But still, after all such exceptions, I consider that Christians, certainly those who are in the same outward circumstances, are very much more like each other in their temptations, inward diseases and methods of cure, than they at all imagine. Persons think themselves isolated in the world ; they think no one ever felt as they feel. They do not dare to expose their feelings, lest they should find that no one understands them. And thus they suffer to wither and decay what was destined in God's purpose to adorn the Church's paradise with beauty and sweetness. Their " mouth is not opened," as the

## CHRISTIAN SOLIDARITY

Apostle speaks, nor their "heart enlarged," they are "straitened" in themselves, and deny themselves the means they possess of at once imparting instruction and gaining comfort.

## LANGUORS OF VIRTUE

LET us ask ourselves, why is it that we so often wish to do right and cannot? why is it that we are so frail, feeble, languid, wayward, dim-sighted, fluctuating, perverse? why is it that we cannot "do the things that we would?" why is it that, day after day, we remain irresolute, that we serve God so poorly, that we govern ourselves so weakly and so variably, that we cannot command our thoughts, that we are so slothful, so cowardly, so discontented, so sensual, so ignorant? Why is it that we, who trust that we are not by wilful sin thrown out of Grace, who are ruled by no evil masters, and bent upon no earthly ends, who are not covetous, or profligate livers, or worldly-minded, or ambitious, or envious, or proud, or unforgiving, or desirous of name,—why is it that we, in the very kingdom of grace, surrounded by Angels, and preceded by Saints, nevertheless can do so little, and instead of mounting with wings like eagles, grovel in the dust, and do but sin and confess sin alternately? Is it that the *power* of God is not within us? Is it literally that we are *not able* to perform God's commandments? God



forbid ! We are able. We have that given us which makes us able. We are not in a state of nature. We have had the gift of grace implanted in us. We have a power within us to do what we are commanded to do. What is it we lack ? The power ? No ; the will. What we lack is the real, simple, earnest, sincere inclination and aim to use what God has given us, and what we have in us. I say, our experience tells us this. It is no matter of mere doctrine, much less a matter of words, but of things ; a very practical plain matter.

ii

**W**HEN a man complains that he is under the dominion of any bad habit, let him seriously ask himself whether he has ever *willed* to get rid of it. Can he, with a simple mind, say in God's sight, " I wish it removed ? " A man, for instance, cannot attend to his prayers ; his mind wanders ; other thoughts intrude ; time after time passes, and it is the same. Shall we say, this arises from want of power ? Of course it may be so ; but before he says so, let him consider whether he has ever roused himself, shaken himself, awakened himself, got himself to will, if I may so say, attention. We know the feeling in unpleasant dreams, when we say to ourselves, " This is a dream," and yet cannot exert

ourselves to will to be free from it ; and how at length by an effort we will to move, and the spell at once is broken ; we wake. So it is with sloth and indolence ; the Evil One lies heavy on us, but he has no power over us except in our unwillingness to get rid of him. He cannot battle with us ; he flies ; he can do no more, as soon as we propose to fight with him.

## iii

**T**HERE is a famous instance of a holy man of old time, who, before his conversion, felt indeed the excellence of purity, but could not get himself to say more in prayer than " Give me chastity, but not yet." I will not be inconsiderate enough to make light of the power of temptation of any kind, nor will I presume to say that Almighty God will certainly shield a man from temptation for his wishing it ; but whenever men complain, as they often do, of the arduousness of a high virtue, at least it were well that they should first ask themselves the question, whether they desire to have it. We hear much in this day of the impossibility of Heavenly purity ;—far be it from me to say that every one has not his proper gift from God, one after this manner, another after that ;—but, O ye men of the world, when ye talk, as ye do, so much of the

impossibility of this or that supernatural Grace, when you disbelieve in the existence of severe self-rule, when you scoff at holy resolutions, and affix a slur on those who make them, are you sure that the impossibility which you insist upon does not lie, not in nature, but in the will? Let us but will, and our nature is changed, "according to the power that worketh in us." Say not, in excuse for others or for yourselves, that you cannot be other than Adam made for you; you have never brought yourselves to will it—you cannot bear to will it. You cannot bear to be other than you are. Life would seem a blank to you, were you other; yet what you are from not desiring a gift, this you make an excuse for not possessing it.

iv

**I** WOULD have every one carefully consider whether he has ever found God fail him in trial, when his own heart had not failed him; and whether he has not found strength greater and greater given him according to his day; whether he has not gained clear proof on trial that he *has* a Divine power lodged within him, and a certain conviction withal that he has not made the extreme trial of it, or reached its limits. Grace ever outstrips prayer. Abraham ceased interceding ere

## LANGUORS OF VIRTUE

God stayed from granting. Joash smote upon the ground but thrice, when he might have gained five victories or six. All have the gift, many do not use it at all, none expend it. One wraps it in a napkin, another gains five pounds, another ten. It will bear thirty-fold, or sixty, or a hundred. We know not what we are, or might be. As the seed has a tree within it, so men have within them Angels.

## CANDLEMAS

THE Angel-lights of Christmas morn,  
Which shot across the sky,  
Away they pass at Candlemas,  
They sparkle and they die.

Comfort of earth is brief at best,  
Although it be Divine ;  
Like funeral lights for Christmas gone  
Old Simeon's tapers shine.

And then for eight long weeks and more,  
We wait in twilight grey,  
Till the high candle sheds a beam  
On Holy Saturday.

We wait along the penance-tide  
Of solemn fast and prayer ;  
While song is hush'd, and lights grow dim  
In the sin-laden air.

And while the sword in Mary's soul  
Is driven home, we hide  
In our own hearts, and count the wounds  
Of passion and of pride.

And still, though Candlemas be spent  
And Alleluias o'er,  
Mary is music in our need,  
And Jesus light in store.

## THE GOSPEL LEVELLER

**F**OR us, indeed, who are all the adopted children of God our Saviour, what addition is wanting to complete our happiness? What can increase their peace who believe and trust in the Son of God? Shall we add a drop to the ocean, or grains to the sand of the sea? Shall we ask for an earthly inheritance, who have the fulness of an heavenly one; power, when in prayer we can use the power of Christ; or wisdom, guided as we may be by the true Wisdom and Light of men? It is in this sense that the Gospel of Christ is a leveller of ranks: we pay, indeed, our superiors full reverence, and with cheerfulness as unto the Lord; and we honour eminent talents as deserving admiration and reward; and the more readily act we thus, because these are little things to pay.

### ii

**T**HE time is short; year follows year, and the world is passing away. It is of small consequence to those who are beloved of God, and walk in the Spirit of truth, whether they pay or receive



## THE GOSPEL LEVELLER

honour, which is but transitory and profitless. To the true Christian the world assumes another and more interesting appearance ; it is no longer a stage for the great and noble, for the ambitious to fret in, and the wealthy to revel in ; but it is a scene of probation. Every soul is a candidate for immortality. And the more we realize this view of things, the more will the accidental distinctions of nature or fortune die away from our view, and we shall be led habitually to pray that upon every Christian may descend, in rich abundance, not merely worldly goods, but that Heavenly Grace which alone can turn this world to good account for us, and make it the path of peace and of life everlasting.

## THE WAY OF OUR CITY

**T**HE first great and obvious characteristic of a Bible Christian, if I may use that much abused term, is to be without worldly ties or objects, to be living in this world, but not for this world. St. Paul says, "our conversation is in Heaven," or in other words, Heaven is our city. We know what it is to be a citizen of this world; it is to have interests, rights, privileges, duties, connexions, in some particular town or state; to depend upon it, and to be bound to defend it; to be part of it. Now all this the Christian is in respect to Heaven. Heaven is his city, earth is not. Or, at least, so it was as regards the Christians of Scripture. "Here," as the same Apostle says in another place, "we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come." And therefore he adds to the former of these texts, "from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ." This is the very definition of a Christian—one who looks for Christ; not who looks for gain, or distinction, or power, or pleasure, or comfort, but who looks for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.

## THE JOY OF RELIGION

**R**ELIGION begins with the heart, but it does not end with the heart. It begins with the conversion of the heart from earth to Heaven, the stripping off and casting away all worldly aims ; but it does not end there ; it did not end there in the Christians whom Scripture describes, whom our Lord's precepts formed : it drew up all the faculties of the soul, all the members of the body, to Him who was in their heart. Let us then now go on to see in what that inward Christianity issued ; what Christians then, in that early time, looked like outwardly, who were citizens of Heaven within. If the first disciples so unreservedly gave up the world, and if, secondly, they were so strictly and promptly taken at their word, what do you think would follow, if they were true men and not hypocrites ? this—they would rejoice to be so taken. This, then, is the chief Grace of primitive Christianity—joy in all its forms ; not only a pure heart, not only a clean hand, but, thirdly, a cheerful countenance. I say joy in all its forms, for in true joyfulness many Graces are included ; joyful people are loving ; joyful people

## THE JOY OF RELIGION

are forgiving; joyful people are munificent. Joy, if it be Christian joy, the refined joy of the mortified and persecuted, makes men peaceful, serene, thankful, gentle, affectionate, sweet-tempered, pleasant, hopeful; it is graceful, tender, touching, winning. All this were the Christians of the New Testament, for they had obtained what they desired. They had desired to sacrifice the kingdom of the world and all its pomps for the love of Christ, whom they had seen, whom they loved, in whom they believed, in whom they delighted; and when their wish was granted, they could but "rejoice in that day, and leap for joy, for, behold, their reward was great in Heaven": blessed were they, thrice blessed, because they in their lifetime had evil things, and their consolation was to come hereafter.

### ii

**S**UCH, I say, was the joy of the first disciples of Christ, to whom it was granted to suffer shame and to undergo toil for His Name's sake; and such holy, gentle Graces were the fruit of this joy, as every part of the Gospels and Epistles shows us. "We glory in tribulations," says St. Paul, "knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh

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not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." Again, "Even unto this present hour we both hunger and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no certain dwelling-place, and labour working with our own hands: being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it; being defamed, we intreat; we are made as the filth of the earth, and are the off-scouring of all things unto this day." How is the very same character set before us in the Beatitudes, so holy, so tender, so serene, so amiable! "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven; blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted; blessed are the meek, they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemakers, they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake." And again, "Let your communication be yea, yea, nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." "I say unto you, That ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also": "love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven." Again, "Judge

## THE JOY OF RELIGION

not, that ye be not judged ; . . . and why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye ? " And again, " In your patience possess ye your souls." Again, " If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet." Again, " By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another. And again, " Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."



## THE CALL

**N**O one, surely, can really be a Christian, who makes his worldly interests his chief end of action. A man may be in a measure, ill-tempered, resentful, proud, cruel, or sensual, and yet be a Christian. For passions belong to our inferior nature; they are irrational, rise spontaneously, are to be subdued by our governing principle, and (through God's Grace) are ultimately, though gradually, subdued. But what shall be said when the reasoning and ruling faculty, the power that wills and controls, is turned earthward? "If the light that is within thee is darkness, how great is that darkness?" God only knows how far these remarks concern each of us. It is your duty to apply them to yourselves. Do not hesitate, as many of you have not done so, to imagine the miserable and shocking possibility of your coming short of your hope "having loved this present world." Retire into yourselves and imagine it; in the presence of Christ your Saviour—in that presence which at once will shame you, and will encourage you to hope for forgiveness, if you earnestly turn to Him to obtain it.

## HUMILIATION

I HAVE been honour'd and obey'd,  
I have met scorn and slight ;  
And my heart loves earth's sober shade,  
More than her laughing light.

For what is rule but a sad weight  
Of duty and a snare ?  
What meanness, but with happier fate  
The Saviour's Cross to share ?

This my hid choice, if not from heaven,  
Moves on the heavenward line ;  
Cleanse it, good Lord, from earthly leaven,  
And make it simply Thine.

## THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD

**T**HE Church, like her Divine Author, regards, consults, labours for the individual soul; she looks at the souls for whom Christ dies, and who are made over to her, and her one object, for which everything is sacrificed—appearances, reputation, worldly triumph—is to acquit herself of this most awful responsibility. Her one duty is to bring forward the elect to salvation;—to take offences out of their path, to warn them of sin, to rescue them from evil, to convert them, to protect them, and to perfect them. O most tender loving Mother, ill-judged by the world, which thinks she is, like herself, always minding the main chance; on the contrary, it is her keen view of things spiritual, and her love for the soul which hampers her in her negotiations and her measures on this hard, cold earth which is the place of her sojourning.

### ii

**T**HE Church overlooks everything in comparison of the immortal soul. Good and evil to her are not lights and shades passing over the surface of Society, but living powers springing from the depths of the heart. Actions are not

mere outward deeds and words, committed by hand or tongue, and manifested over a range of influence wider or narrower, as the case may be ; but they are the thoughts, desires, the purposes, of the solitary spirit.

The Church aims not at making a show, but at doing a work. She regards this world, and all that is in it, as a mere shade, as dust and ashes, compared with the value of one single soul. She holds that, unless she can, in her own way, do good to souls, it is no use her doing anything ; she holds that it were better for sun and moon to drop from Heaven, for the earth to fall, and for all the many millions who are upon it to die of starvation in extremest agony, as far as temporal affliction goes, than that one soul, I will not say be lost, but should commit one single venial sin, should tell one wilful untruth though it harmed no one, or steal one poor farthing without excuse. She considers the action of this world and the action of the soul simply incommensurate, viewed in their respective spheres ; she would rather save the soul of one single wild bandit of Calabria, or whining beggar of Palermo, than draw a hundred lines of railroad through the length of Italy, or carry out a sanitary reform, in its fullest details in every city of Sicily, except so far as these great national works tended to some spiritual good beyond them.

## iii

**S**UCH is the Church, O ye men of the World, and now you know her. Such she is, such she will be, and though she aims at your good, it is in her own way—and if you oppose her, she defies you. She has her mission, and do it she will, whether she be in rags, or in fine linen; whether with awkward or refined carriage; whether by means of uncultivated intellects, or with the Grace of accomplishments. Not that, in fact, she is not the source of numberless temporal and moral blessings to you also; the history of ages testifies it; but she makes no promises; she is sent to seek the lost;—that is her first object, and she will fulfil it, whatever comes of it.

## iv

**N**OW, were it my present purpose to attack the principles and proceedings of the world, of course it would be obvious for me to retort upon the cold, cruel, selfish system, which this supreme worship of comfort, decency and social order, necessarily introduces; to show you how the many are sacrificed to the few, the poor to the wealthy, how an oligarchical monopoly of enjoyment is established far and wide, and the claims of want, and pain, and sorrow, and affliction,

and guilt, and misery, are practically forgotten. But I will not have recourse to the commonplaces of controversy when I am on the defensive. All I would say to the world is—Keep your theories to yourself, do not inflict them upon the sons of Adam everywhere ; do not measure Heaven and earth by views which are in a great degree insular, and never can be philosophical or catholic. You do your work perhaps in a more business-like way, compared with ourselves, but we are immeasurably more tender, and gentle and angelic. We come to poor human nature as the angels of God, and you as policeman. Look at your poor-houses, lunatic asylums, hospitals, prisons ; how perfect are their externals ! what skill and ingenuity appear in their structure, economy and administration ! they are as decent and bright and calm, as what Our Lord seems to name them—dead men's sepulchres. Yes ! they have all the world can give it, all but life ; all but a heart. Yes ! you can hammer up a coffin, you can plaster a tomb ; you are nature's undertakers, you cannot build it a home. You cannot feed it or heal it ; it lies like Lazarus, full of sores. You see it gasping and panting with privations and penalties ; and you sing to it, you dance to it, you show it your picture books, you let off your fireworks, you open your menageries. Shallow philosophers ! is this



## THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD

mode of going on so, so winning and persuasive that we should imitate it?

You tell me that the political and civil state of Catholic countries is below that of Protestant: I answer that, even though you prove the fact, you have to prove something besides, if it is to be an argument, viz., that the standard of civil prosperity or political aggrandizement is the truest test of Grace and the greatest measure of salvation.

## A THANKSGIVING

“Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.”

L ORD, in this dust Thy sovereign voice  
First quicken'd love divine ;  
I am all Thine,—Thy care and choice,  
My very praise is Thine.

I praise Thee, while Thy providence  
In childhood frail I trace,  
For blessings given, ere dawning sense  
Could seek or scan Thy Grace ;

Blessings in boyhood's marvelling hour,  
Bright dreams, and fancyings strange ;  
Blessings, when reason's awful power  
Gave thought a bolder range ;

Blessings of friends, which to my door  
Unask'd, unhoped, have come ;  
And, choicer still, a countless store  
Of eager smiles at home.

Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place  
I shrine those seasons sad,  
When, looking up, I saw Thy face  
In kind austereness clad.

## A THANKSGIVING

I would not miss one sigh or tear,  
Heart-pang, or throbbing brow ;  
Sweet was the chastisement severe,  
And sweet its memory now.

Yes ! let the fragrant scars abide,  
Love-tokens in Thy stead,  
Faint shadows of the spear-pierced side  
And thorn-encompass'd head.

And such Thy tender force be still,  
When self would swerve or stray,  
Shaping to truth the froward will  
Along Thy narrow way.

Deny me wealth ; far, far remove  
The lure of power or name ;  
Hope thrives in straits, in weakness love,  
And faith in this world's shame.

## OF THE SAINTS

**W**HAT a world of comfort and sympathy is opened to us in the Communion of Saints! The heathen, who sought truth most earnestly, fainted for want of companions; everyone stood by himself. They were tempted to think that all their best feelings were but an empty name, and that it mattered not whether they served God or disobeyed Him. But Christ has "gathered together the children of God that were scattered abroad," and brought them near to each other in every time and place. Are we young, and in temptation or trial? We cannot be in worse circumstances than Joseph. Are we in sickness? Job will surpass us in sufferings as in patience. Are we in perplexities and anxieties, with conflicting duties and a bewildered mind, having to please unkind superiors, yet without offending God? So grievous a trial as David's we cannot have when Saul persecuted him. Is it our duty to witness for the truth among sinners? No Christian can at this day be so hardly circumstanced as Jeremiah. Have we domestic trials? Job, Jacob, and David were afflicted in their children. It is easy

indeed to say all this, and many a man may hear it said and not feel moved by it, and conceive it is a mere matter of words, easy and fitting indeed to say, but a cold consolation in actual suffering. And I will own that a man cannot profit by these consolations all at once. A man who has never thought of the history of the Saints will gain little benefit from it on first taking up the subject when he comes into trouble. He will turn from it disappointed. He may say "My pain or my trial is not the less because another had it a thousand years since." But the consolation in question comes not in the way of argument but by habit. A tedious journey seems shorter when gone in company, yet, be the travelers many or few, each goes over the same ground.

FROM ST. GREGORY NAZIANZEN

MORNING

**I** RISE and raise my clasped hands to  
Thee !

Henceforth, the darkness hath no part in me,  
Thy sacrifice this day ;

Abiding firm, and with a freeman's might  
Stemming the waves of passion in the fight ;

Ah, should I from Thee stray,

My hoary head, Thy table where I bow,  
Will be my shame, which are mine honour  
now.

Thus I set out ;—Lord, lead me on my way !

EVENING

**O** HOLIEST Truth ! how have I lied  
to Thee !

I vow'd this day Thy festival should be :

But I am dim ere night.

Surely I made my prayer, and I did deem  
That I could keep in me Thy morning beam

Immaculate and bright.

But my foot slipp'd ; and, as I lay, he came  
My gloomy foe, and robbed me of heaven's  
flame.

Help Thou my darkness, Lord, till I am  
light.



## OF INNOCENTS AND PENITENTS

**H**OW many they are who are conscious to themselves that they have, by wilful sinning, lost the fulness of that blessedness which baptism conveyed to them! O happy they, who have not this consciousness, yet without on that account ceasing to be watchful and fervent in spirit! O my brethren, make much of your virginal state, if you possess it, and be careful not to lose it; lose not the opportunity of that special blessedness which none but they can have who serve God from their youth up in consistent obedience. What is past cannot be recalled. Whatever be the heights of holiness to which repentant sinners attain, yet they cannot have this pearl of great price, *not to have sinned*. No true penitent forgets or forgives himself: an unforgiving spirit towards himself is the very price of God's forgiving him.

### ii

**Y**ET still, though sinners never can be to themselves as if they had not sinned, though they cannot so rid them of their past sins, as to be sure that those sins will not, in the words of Scripture, find

them out, and bring retribution upon them, yet, as regards the love of God and of their brethren, in this respect, they are, on their repentance, in the condition of just persons who need no repentance. Let this comfort and encourage all penitents,—they may be high, they may be highest in the kingdom of Heaven; they may be, like St. Paul, not a whit behind the chiefest. Keen indeed must be the discipline which brings them to that lofty seat. Not by languid efforts, not without great and solemn trials is it reached; not without pain and humiliation, and much toil, will they make progress towards it; but it can be gained. This is their great consolation,—it is in their grasp; they have not forfeited, they have but delayed, they have but endangered and made difficult, the prize of their high calling in Christ Jesus. Let them turn to God with a perfect heart; let them put on the whole armour of God, that they may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand. Let them be sure that, if they have but the will for great things, they have the power. Let them meditate upon the lives of the Saints in times past, and see how much a resolute unflinching will did for them. Let them aim at God's glory; let it be their daily prayer that God may be glorified in them, whether in their life or in their death,

whether in their punishment or in their release, in their pain or in their refreshment in their toil or in their repose, in their honour or in their dishonour, in their lifting up or in their humiliation. O, hard it is to say this, and to endure to put one's self into God's hands ! Yet He is the faithful God, not willingly afflicting the sons of men, but for their good ; not chastising us, but as a loving Father ; not tempting us, without making a way to escape ; not implanting the thorn in our flesh, save to temper the abundance of His revelations. Whatever be our necessary trial, He will bring us through it—through the deep waters through the thick darkness—as He guided and guarded the blessed Apostle ; till we in turn, whatever be our past sins, shall be able to say, like him, “ I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith ; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.”

## iii

**R**EPENTANT sinners are often impatient to put themselves upon some new line of action, or to adopt some particular rule of life. They feel that they can never be as others are, till the voice of Christ pronounces them acquitted and

blessed. And their heart yearns towards humiliation, and burns with a godly indignation against themselves, as if nothing were too bad for them; and they look about for something to do, some state of life to engage in, some task or servile office to undertake. St. Paul should be the pattern of the true penitent here. First he said, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" then he was "obedient to the heavenly vision"; he waited three days, till God spoke to him by Ananias; and after that he suffered himself to be led about by Providence hither and thither, as though he had been still blind, without apparent method or purpose, and in no regular calling. It was not till years afterwards that the Holy Spirit said, "Separate Me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." What a lesson is this for patient waiting on God! "O tarry thou the Lord's leisure"; wait till He speaks. Like the prophet, you must stand upon your watch, and set you on the tower, and watch to see what He will say to you, and what you shall answer when you are reprov'd: recollecting that "the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry." Never regard how long you have to wait; be it for years, suffer it. Say not time is

short, for God can make it long. If He use you not, even till the eleventh hour, He can make that hour a thousand, and can reward you in proportion to the years of your patient waiting.

## iv

**A**ND next I would say to such persons as I have described, Be on your guard, not only against becoming committed to some certain mode of life or object of exertion, but guard against excess in such penitential observances as have an immediate claim upon you, and are private in their exercise. The danger is, that what is really an excess, seems to such persons to be only moderation. When men are in horror and anguish at their past sins, they are anxious to put some burden on themselves, which may relieve their feelings, and remind them of what they have been, what they are. Now nothing is more unadvisable in most cases than to begin with severity. Persons do not know what they can bear, and what they cannot, till they have tried it. They think almost they can live without food, without rest, without the conveniences of life to which they are accustomed. Then when they find they cannot, they despond and are miserable, or fall back, and a reaction ensues. It is a great fault to be ambitious, and men may

## OF INNOCENTS AND PENITENTS

easily aim at praying more than they can, or meditating more than they can, or having a clearer faith and a deeper humility than at present they can have. All things are done by degrees ; all things (through God's Grace) may come in time, but not at once.



## THE WORLD'S GENTLEMAN—AND GOD'S

**K**NOWLEDGE is one thing, virtue is another ; good sense is not conscience, refinement is not humility, nor is largeness and justness of view faith. Philosophy, however enlightened, however profound, gives no command over the passions, no influential motives, no vivifying principles. Liberal Education makes not the Christian, not the Catholic, but the gentleman. It is well to be a gentleman, it is well to have a cultivated intellect, a delicate taste, a candid, equitable, dispassionate mind, a noble and courteous bearing in the conduct of life ;—these are the connatural qualities of a large knowledge ; they are the objects of a University ; I am advocating, I shall illustrate and insist upon them ; but still, I repeat, they are no guarantee for sanctity or even for conscientiousness, they may attach to the man of the world, to the profligate, to the heartless,—pleasant, alas, and attractive as he shows when decked out in them. Taken by themselves, they do but seem to be what they are not ; they look like virtue at a distance, but they are detected by close observers, and

on the long run ; and hence it is that they are popularly accused of pretence and hypocrisy, not, I repeat, from their own fault, but because their professors and their admirers persist in taking them for what they are not, and are officious in arrogating for them a praise to which they have no claim. Quarry the granite rock with razors, or moor the vessel with a thread of silk ; then may you hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against those giants, the passion and the pride of man.

## ii

**T**HERE is a physical beauty and a moral : there is a beauty of person, there is a beauty of moral being which is natural virtue ; and in like manner there is a beauty, there is a perfection of the intellect. There is an ideal perfection in these various subject matters, towards which individual instances are seen to rise, and which are the standards for all instances whatever. The Greek divinities and demigods, as the statuary has moulded them, with their symmetry of figure and their high forehead and regular features, are the perfection of physical beauty. The heroes, of whom history tells, Alexander or Cæsar, or Scipio, of Saladin, are the

representatives of that magnanimity or self-mastery which is the greatness of human nature. Christianity too has its heroes, and in the supernatural order, and we call them Saints. The artist puts before him beauty of feature and form ; the poet, beauty of mind ; the preacher, the beauty of Grace : then intellect too, I repeat, has its beauty, and it has those who aim at it. To open the mind, to correct it, to refine it, to enable it to know, and to digest, master, rule, and use its knowledge, to give it power over its own faculties, application, flexibility, method, critical exactness, sagacity, resource, address, eloquent expression, is an object as intelligible (for here we are inquiring not what the object of a Liberal Education is worth, nor what use the Church makes of it, but what it is in itself), I say, an object as intelligible as the cultivation of virtue, while, at the same time, it is absolutely distinct from it.

## iii

**T**HIS indeed is but a temporal object, and a transitory possession ; but so are other things in themselves which we make much of and pursue. The moralist will tell us that man, in all his functions, is but a flower which blossoms and fades, except so far as a higher principle breathes

upon him, and makes him and what he is immortal. Body and mind are carried on into an eternal state of being by the gifts of Divine Munificence ; but at first they do but fail in a failing world ; and if the powers of intellect decay, the powers of the body have decayed before them, and, as an Hospital or an Almshouse, though its end be ephemeral, may be sanctified to the service of religion, so surely may a University, even were it nothing more than I have as yet described it. We attain to Heaven by using this world well, though it is to pass away ; we perfect our nature, not by undoing it, but by adding to it what is more than nature, and directing it towards aims higher than its own.

## iv

**R**ELIGION has its own enlargement, and an enlargement, not of tumult, but of peace. It is often remarked of uneducated persons, who have hitherto thought little of the unseen world, that, on their turning to God, looking into themselves, regulating their hearts, reforming their conduct, and meditating on death and judgement, Heaven and hell, they seem to become, in point of intellect, different beings from what they were. Before, they took things as they came, and thought no more of one thing than

another. But now every event has a meaning; they have their own estimate of whatever happens to them; they are mindful of times and seasons, and compare the present with the past; and the world, no longer dull, monotonous, unprofitable and hopeless, is a various and complicated drama, with parts and an object, and an awful moral.

## THE SCIENCE OF GOD

**N**ATURE and Grace, Reason and Revelation, come from the same Divine Author, whose works cannot contradict each other. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that, in matter of fact, there always has been a sort of jealousy and hostility between Religion and physical philosophers. The name of Galileo reminds us of it at once. Not content with investigating and reasoning in his own province, it is said, he went out of his way directly to insult the received interpretation of Scripture; theologians repelled an attack which was wanton and arrogant; and Science, affronted in her minister, has taken its full revenge upon Theology since. I do not of course mean to say that there need be in every case a resentful and virulent opposition made to Religion on the part of scientific men; but their emphatic silence or phlegmatic inadvertence as to its claims have implied, more eloquently than any words, that in their opinion it had no voice at all in the subject-matter, which they had appropriated to themselves. The same antagonism shows itself in the middle ages. Friar Bacon was popularly regarded with suspicion as a



dealer in unlawful arts ; Pope Sylvester the Second has been accused of magic for his knowledge of natural secrets ; and the geographical ideas of St. Virgil, Bishop of Saltzburg, were regarded with anxiety by the great St. Boniface, the glory of England, the Martyr-Apostle of Germany. I suppose, in matter of fact, magical superstition and physical knowledge did commonly go together in those ages : however, the hostility between experimental science and theology is far older than Christianity. Bacon traces it to an era prior to Socrates ; he tells us that, among the Greeks, the atheistic was the philosophy most favourable to physical discoveries, and he does not hesitate to imply that the rise of the religious schools was the ruin of science.

## ii

**N**OW, if we would investigate the reason of this opposition between Theology and Physics, I suppose we must first take into account Bacon's own explanation of it. It is common in judicial inquiries to caution the parties on whom the verdict depends to put out of their minds whatever they have heard out of court on the subject to which their attention is to be directed. They are to judge by the evidence ; and this is a rule which holds in other

investigations as far as this, that nothing of an adventitious nature ought to be introduced into the process. In like manner, from religious investigations, as such, physics must be excluded, and from physical, as such, religion ; and if we mix them, we shall spoil both. The theologian, speaking of Divine Omnipotence, for the time simply ignores the laws of nature as existing restraints upon its exercise ; and the physical philosopher, on the other hand, in his experiments upon natural phenomena, is simply ascertaining those laws, putting aside the question of that Omnipotence. If the theologian, in tracing the ways of Providence, were stopped with objections grounded on the impossibility of physical miracles, he would justly protest against the interruption ; and were the philosopher, who was determining the motion of the heavenly bodies, to be questioned about their Final or their First Cause, he too would suffer an illogical interruption. The latter asks the cause of volcanoes, and is impatient at being told it is " the Divine vengeance " ; the former asks the cause of the overthrow of the guilty cities, and is preposterously referred to the volcanic action still visible in their neighbourhood. The inquiry into final causes for the moment passes over the existence of established laws ; the inquiry into physical, passes over for the

moment the existence of God. In other words, physical science is in a certain sense atheistic, for the very reason it is not theology.

This is Bacon's justification, and an intelligible one, for considering that the fall of atheistic philosophy in ancient times was a blight upon the hopes of physical science. "Aristotle," he says, "Galen, and others frequently introduce such causes as these:—the hairs of the eyelids are for a fence to the sight; the bones for pillars whence to build the bodies of animals; the leaves of trees are to defend the fruit from the sun and wind; the clouds are designed for watering the earth. All which are properly alleged in metaphysics; but in physics, are impertinent, and as *remoras* to the ship, that hinder the sciences from holding on their course of improvement, and as introducing a neglect of searching after physical causes." Here then is one reason for the prejudice of physical philosophers against Theology: on the one hand, their deep satisfaction in the laws of nature indisposes them towards the thought of a Moral Governor, and makes them sceptical of His interposition; on the other hand, the occasional interference of religious criticism in a province not religious, has made them sore, suspicious and resentful.

**A**NOTHER reason of a kindred nature is to be found in the difference of method by which truths are gained in theology and in physical science. Induction is the instrument of Physics, and deduction only is the instrument of Theology. There the simple question is, What is revealed? all doctrinal knowledge flows from one fountain head. If we are able to enlarge our view and multiply our propositions, it must be merely by the comparison and adjustment of the original truths; if we would solve new questions, it must be by consulting old answers. The notion of doctrinal knowledge absolutely novel, and of simple addition from without, is intolerable to Catholic ears, and never was entertained by any one who was even approaching to an understanding of our creed. Revelation is all in all in doctrine; the Apostles its sole depository, the inferential method its sole instrument, and ecclesiastical authority its sole sanction. The Divine Voice has spoken once for all, and the only question is about its meaning. Christian Truth is purely of revelation; that revelation we can but explain, we cannot increase, except relatively to our own apprehensions; without it we should have known nothing of its contents, with it we know just as much as its contents,

and nothing more. And, as it was given by a Divine act independent of man, so will it remain in spite of man. Niebuhr may revolutionise history, Lavoisier chemistry, Newton astronomy; but God Himself is the author as well as the subject of theology. When Truth can change, its Revelation can change; when human reason can outreason the Omniscient, then may it supersede His work.



## LAST THINGS

**N**EVER be you offended, my brethren, or overwhelmed, when you find that the good and gentle, or the zealous and useful, is cut down and taken off in the midst of his course ; it is hard to bear, but who knows that he is not taken away *a facie malitiæ*, " from the presence of evil," from the evil to come ? " He was taken away," as the Wise Man says, " lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul. For the bewitching of vanity obscureth good things, and the wandering of concupiscence overturneth the innocent mind. Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time. For his soul pleased God ; and therefore He hastened to bring him out of the midst of iniquities. But the people see this and understand not, nor lay such things in their hearts : that the Grace of God and His mercy is with His Saints, and that He hath respect unto His chosen." Bad is it to bear, when such a one is taken away ; cruel to his friends, sad even to strangers, and a surprise to the world ; but O, how much better, how happy so to die, instead of being reserved to sin ! It is indeed most true that the



holier a man is, and the higher in the kingdom of Heaven, so much the greater need has he to look carefully to his footing, lest he stumble and be lost ; and a deep conviction of this necessity has been the sole preservation of the Saints. Had they not feared, they never would have persevered. Hence, like St. Paul, they are always full of their sin and their peril. You would think them the most polluted of sinners, and the most unstable of penitents. Such was the blessed Martyr Ignatius, who, when on his way to his death, said, " Now I begin to be Christ's disciple." Such was the great Basil who was ever ascribing the calamities of the Church and of his country to the wrath of Heaven upon his own sins. Such was St. Gregory, who submitted to his elevation to the Popedom, as if it were his spiritual death. Such too was my own dear Father St. Philip, who was ever showing, in the midst of the gifts he received from God, the anxiety and jealousy with which he regarded himself and his prospects. " Every day," says his biographer, " he used to make a protest to God with the Blessed Sacrament in his hands, saying, ' Lord, beware of me to-day, lest I should betray Thee, and do Thee all the mischief in the world.' " At other times he would say, " The wound in Christ's side is large, but, if God did not guard me, I should make it larger." In his

last illness, " Lord, if I recover, so far as I am concerned, I shall do more evil than ever, because I have promised so many times before to change my life, and have not kept my word, so that I despair of myself."

## ii

" **WE** have an unction from the Holy One";—your eyes are anointed by Him who put clay on the eyes of the blind man; "from Him you have an unction, and ye know," not conjecture, or suppose, or opine, but "know," see, "all things." "So let the unction which you have received of Him abide in you. Nor need ye that any one teach you, but as His unction teaches you of all things, and is true and no lie, and hath taught you, so abide in Him." You can abide in nothing else; opinions change, conclusions are feeble, inquiries run their course, reason stops short, but faith alone reaches to the end, faith only endures. Faith and prayer alone will endure in that last dark hour, when Satan urges all his powers and resources against the sinking soul. What will it avail us then, to have devised some subtle argument, or to have led some brilliant attack, or to have mapped out the field of history, or to have numbered and sorted the weapons of controversy, and to have the homage of friends and the

respect of the world for our successes— what will it avail to have had a position, to have followed out a work, to have re- animated an idea, to have made a cause to triumph, if after all we have not the light of faith to guide us on from this world to the next? Oh, how fain shall we be in that day to exchange our place with the humblest, and dullest, and most ignorant of the sons of men, rather than to stand before the judgement-seat in the lot of him who has received great gifts from God, and used them for self and for man, who has shut his eyes, who has trifled with truth, who has repressed his misgivings, who has been led on by God's Grace, but stopped short of its scope, who has neared the land of promise, yet not gone forward to take possession of it!

## THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

i

### GERONTIUS

**J**ESU, MARIA—I am near to death.  
And Thou art calling me ; I know it  
now—  
Not by the token of this faltering  
breath,  
This chill at heart, this dampness on  
my brow.  
(Jesu, have mercy ! Mary, pray for me !—  
'Tis this new feeling, never felt before,  
(Be with me, Lord, in my extremity !)  
That I am going, that I am no more.  
'Tis this strange innermost abandonment,  
(Lover of souls ! great God ! I look to  
Thee.)  
This emptying out of each constituent  
And natural force, by which I come to  
be.  
Pray for me, O my friends ; a visitant  
Is knocking his dire summons at my  
door,  
The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt  
Has never, never come to me before ;  
'Tis death—O loving friends, your prayers !  
—'tis he ! . . . .  
As though my very being had given way,

## THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

As though I was no more a substance  
now,  
And could fall back on nought to be my  
stay,  
(Help, loving Lord! Thou my sole  
Refuge, Thou,)  
And turn no whither, but must needs decay  
And drop from out the universal frame  
Into that shapeless, scopeless, blank abyss,  
That utter nothingness, of which I came :  
This is it that has come to pass in me ;  
O horror ! this it is, my dearest, this ;  
So pray for me, my friends, who have not  
strength to pray.

### ASSISTANTS

Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison.  
Holy Mary, pray for him.  
All holy Angels, pray for him.  
Choirs of the righteous, pray for him.  
Holy Abraham, pray for him.  
St. John Baptist, St. Joseph, pray for him.  
St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Andrew, St. John,  
All Apostles, all Evangelists, pray for him.  
All holy Disciples of the Lord, pray for him.  
All holy Innocents, pray for him.  
All holy Martyrs, all holy Confessors,  
All holy Hermits, all holy Virgins,  
All ye Saints of God, pray for him.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

GERONTIUS

Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and play the  
man ;  
And through such waning span  
Of life and thought as still has to be trod,  
Prepare to meet thy God.  
And while the storm of that bewilderment  
Is for a season spent,  
And, ere afresh the ruin on thee fall,  
Use well the interval.

ASSISTANTS

Be merciful, be gracious ; spare him, Lord.  
Be merciful, be gracious ; Lord, deliver  
him.

From the sins that are past ;  
From Thy frown and Thine ire ;  
From the perils of dying ;  
From any complying  
With sin or denying  
His God, or relying  
On self, at the last ;  
From the nethermost fire ;  
From all that is evil ;  
From power of the devil ;  
Thy servant deliver,  
For once and for ever.

By Thy birth, and by Thy Cross,  
Rescue him from endless loss ;  
By Thy death and burial,  
Save him from a final fall ;



THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

By Thy rising from the tomb,  
By Thy mounting up above,  
By the Spirit's gracious love,  
Save him in the day of doom.

GERONTIUS

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus  
De profundis oro te,  
Miserere, Judex meus,  
Parce mihi, Domine.

Firmly I believe and truly  
God is Three, and God is One ;  
And I next acknowledge duly  
Manhood taken by the Son.  
And I trust and hope most fully  
In that Manhood crucified ;  
And each thought and deed unruly  
Do to death, as He has died.  
Simply to His Grace and wholly  
Light and life and strength belong,  
And I love, supremely, solely,  
Him the holy, Him the strong.

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,  
De profundis, oro te,  
Miserere, Judex meus,  
Parce mihi, Domine.

And I hold in veneration,  
For the love of Him alone,  
Holy Church, as His creation,  
And her teachings, as His own.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

And I take with joy whatever  
Now besets me, pain or fear,  
And with a strong will I sever  
All the ties which bind me here.  
Adoration aye be given,  
With and through the angelic host,  
To the God of earth and Heaven,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,  
De profundis oro te,  
Miserere, Judex meus,  
Mortis in discrimine.

I can no more ; for now it comes again,  
That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain  
That masterful negation and collapse  
Of all that makes me man ; as though I  
bent

Over the dizzy brink  
Of some sheer infinite descent ;  
Or worse, as though  
Down, down for ever I was falling through  
The solid framework of created things,  
And needs must sink and sink  
Into the vast abyss. And, crueller still,  
A fierce and restless fright begins to fill  
The mansion of my soul. And worse, and  
worse,

Some bodily form of ill  
Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome  
curse  
Tainting the hallowed air, and laughs, and  
flaps

## THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

Its hideous wings,  
And makes me wild with horror and dismay  
O Jesu, help ! pray for me, Mary, pray !  
Some angel, Jesu ! such as came to Thee  
In Thine own agony . . .  
Mary, pray for me. Joseph, pray for me.  
Mary, pray for me.

### ASSISTANTS

Rescue him, O Lord, in this his evil hour,  
As of old so many by Thy gracious power :  
—Amen.

Enoch and Elias from the common doom ;  
Amen.

Noe from the waters in a saving home ;  
Amen.

Abraham from th' abounding guilt of  
Heathenesse ; Amen.

Job from all his multiform and fell distress ;  
Amen.

Isaac, when his father's knife was raised  
to slay ; Amen.

Lot from burning Sodom on its judgement-  
day ; Amen.

Moses from the land of bondage and  
despair ; Amen.

Daniel from the hungry lions in their lair  
Amen.

And the Children Three amid the furnace-  
flame ; Amen.

Chaste Susanna from the slander and the  
shame ; Amen.

## THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

David from Golia and the wrath of Saul ;  
Amen.

And the two Apostles from their prison-  
thrall ; Amen.

Thecla from her torments ; Amen.

—so, to show Thy power,  
Rescue this Thy servant in his evil hour.

### GERONTIUS

Novissima hora est ; and I fain would  
sleep ;

The pain has wearied me. . . . Into Thy  
hands,

O Lord, into Thy hands . . .

### THE PRIEST

Proficiscere, anima Christiana, de hoc  
mundo !

Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul !  
Go from this world ! Go, in the name of  
God

The omnipotent Father, who created thee !  
Go, in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord,  
Son of the living God, who bled for thee !  
Go, in the name of the Holy Spirit, who  
Hath been poured out on thee ! Go, in  
the name

Of Angels and Archangels ; in the name  
Of Thrones and Dominations ; in the name  
Of Princedoms and of Powers ; and in the  
name

Of Cherubim and Seraphim, go forth !  
Go, in the name of Patriarchs and Prophets

## THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

And of Apostles and Evangelists,  
Of Martyrs and Confessors ; in the name  
Of holy Monks and Hermits ; in the name  
of holy Virgins ; and all Saints of God,  
Both men and women, go ! Go on thy  
course !

And may thy place to-day be found in  
peace,

And may thy dwelling be the Holy Mount  
Of Sion :—in the name of Christ, our Lord.

### ii

#### SOUL OF GERONTIUS

I went to sleep ; and now I am refreshed,  
A strange refreshment : for I feel in me  
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense  
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,  
And ne'er had been before. How still it is !  
I hear no more the busy beat of time,  
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor strug-  
gling pulse ;

Nor does one moment differ from the next.  
I had a dream ; yes :—someone softly said  
“ He's gone ” ; and then a sigh went round  
the room.

And then I surely heard a priestly voice  
Cry “ Subvenite ” ; and they knelt in  
prayer.

I seem to hear him still ; but thin and low,  
And fainter and more faint the accents  
come,

As at an ever-widening interval.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

Ah! whence is this? What is this  
severance?

This silence pours a solitariness  
Into the very essence of my soul;  
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet  
Hath something too of sternness and of  
pain,

For it drives back my thoughts upon their  
spring

By a strange introversion, and perforce  
I now begin to feed upon myself,  
Because I have nought else to feed upon.

Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,  
But in the body still; for I possess  
A sort of confidence which clings to me,  
That each particular organ holds its place  
As heretofore, combining with the rest  
Into one symmetry, that wraps me round,  
And makes me man; and surely I could  
move,

Did I but will it, every part of me.

And yet I cannot to my sense bring home,  
By very trial, that I have the power.  
'Tis strange; I cannot stir a hand or foot,  
I cannot make my fingers or my lips  
By mutual pressure witness each to each,  
Nor by the eyelid's instantaneous stroke  
Assure myself I have a body still.  
Nor do I know my very attitude,  
Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel.



THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

So much I know, not knowing how I know,  
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,  
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.

Or I or it is rushing on the wings  
Of light or lightning on an onward course,  
And we e'en now are million miles apart.

Yet . . . is this peremptory severance  
Wrought out in lengthening measurements  
of space,

Which grow and multiply by speed and  
time ?

Or am I traversing infinity  
By endless subdivision, hurrying back  
From finite towards infinitesimal,  
Thus dying out of the expanded world ?

Another marvel ; someone has me fast  
Within his ample palm ; 'tis not a grasp  
Such as they use on earth, but all around  
Over the surface of my subtle being,

As though I were a sphere, and capable  
To be accosted thus, a uniform

And gentle pressure tells me I am not  
Self-moving, but borne forward on my way  
And hark ! I hear a singing ; yet in sooth  
I cannot of that music rightly say

Whether I hear or touch or taste the tones,  
Oh what a heart-subduing melody !

## THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

### ANGEL

My work is done,  
My task is o'er,  
And so I come,  
Taking it home.  
For the crown is won,  
Alleluia,  
For evermore.

My Father gave  
In charge to me  
This child of earth  
E'en from its birth,  
To serve and save,  
Alleluia,  
And saved is he.

This child of clay  
To me was given,  
To rear and train  
By sorrow and pain  
In the narrow way,  
Alleluia,  
From earth to heaven.

### SOUL

It is a member of that family  
Of wondrous beings, who, ere the worlds  
were made,  
Millions of ages back, have stood around  
The throne of God :—he never has known  
sin ;

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

But through those cycles all but infinite,  
Has had a strong and pure celestial life,  
And bore to gaze on th' unveiled face of  
God  
And drank from the eternal Fount of truth,  
And served Him with a keen ecstatic love.  
Hark! he begins again.

ANGEL

O Lord, how wonderful in depth and height  
But most in man, how wonderful  
Thou art!  
With what a love, what soft persuasive  
might  
Victorious o'er the stubborn fleshly  
heart,  
Thy tale complete of Saints Thou dost  
provide,  
To fill the thrones which angels lost  
through pride!

He lay a grovelling babe upon the ground,  
Polluted in the blood of his first sire,  
With his whole essence shattered and  
unsound,  
And, coiled around his heart, a demon  
dire,  
Which was not of his nature, but had  
skill  
To bind and form his opening mind to ill.

Then was I sent from Heaven to set right

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

The balance in his soul of truth and  
sin,  
And I have waged a long relentless fight,  
Resolved that death-environed spirit  
to win,  
Which from its fallen state, when all  
was lost,  
Had been repurchased at so dread a  
cost.

O what a shifting parti-coloured scene  
Of hope and fear, of triumph and  
dismay,  
Of recklessness and penitence, has been  
The history of that dreary, lifelong  
fray !  
And O the Grace to nerve him and to  
lead,  
How patient, prompt and lavish at  
his need !

O man, strange composite of Heaven and  
earth !  
Majesty dwarfed to baseness ! fragrant  
flower  
Running to poisonous seed ! and seeming  
worth  
Cloaking corruption ! weakness mas-  
tering power !  
Who never art so near to crime and  
shame,  
As when thou hast achieved some deed  
of name ;—

## THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

How should ethereal natures comprehend  
A thing made up of spirit and of clay,  
Were we not tasked to nurse it and to tend,  
Linked one to one throughout its  
mortal day?  
More than the Seraph in his height of  
place  
The Angel-guardian knows and loves  
the ransomed race.

### SOUL

Now know I surely that I am at length  
Out of the body : had I part with earth,  
I never could have drunk those accents in  
And not have worshipped as a god the voice  
That was so musical ; but now I am  
So whole of heart, so calm, so self-  
possessed,  
With such a full content, and with a sense  
So apprehensive and discriminant,  
As no temptation can intoxicate.  
Nor have I even terror at the thought  
That I am clasped by such a saintliness.

### ANGEL

All praise to Him, at whose sublime decree  
The last are first, the first become the  
last ;  
By whom the suppliant prisoner is set free,  
By whom proud first-borns from their  
thrones are cast ;  
Who raises Mary to be Queen of Heaven,  
While Lucifer is left, condemned and  
unforgiven.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

iii

SOUL

I will address him. Mighty one, my Lord,  
My Guardian Spirit, all hail!

ANGEL

All hail, my child!  
My child and brother, hail! what wouldest  
thou?

SOUL

I would have nothing but to speak with  
thee  
For speaking's sake. I wish to hold with  
thee  
Conscious communion; though I fain  
would know  
A maze of things, were it but meet to ask,  
And not a curiousness.

ANGEL

You cannot now  
Cherish a wish which ought not to be  
wished.

SOUL

Then I will speak. I ever had believed  
That on the moment when the struggling  
soul  
Quitted its mortal case, forthwith it fell  
Under the awful Presence of its God,  
There to be judged and sent to its own  
place.  
What lets me now from going to my Lord?



## ANGEL

Thou art not let ; but with extremest speed  
 Art hurrying to the Just and Holy Judge :  
 For scarcely art thou disembodied yet.  
 Divide a moment, as men measure time,  
 Into its million-million-millionth part,  
 Yet even less than that the interval [priest  
 Since thou didst leave the body ; and the  
 Cried " Subvenite," and they fell to prayer,  
 Nay, scarcely yet have they begun to pray.

For spirits and men by different standards  
 mete

The less and greater in the flow of time.  
 By sun and moon, primeval ordinances—  
 By stars which rise and set harmoniously—  
 By the recurring seasons, and the swing,  
 This way and that, of the suspended rod  
 Precise and punctual, men divide the hours,  
 Equal, continuous, for their common use.  
 Not so with us in the immaterial world ;  
 But intervals in their succession  
 Are measured by the living thought alone,  
 And grow or wane with its intensity.  
 And time is not a common property ;  
 But what is long is short, and swift is slow.  
 And near is distant, as received and grasped  
 By this mind and by that, and every one  
 Is standard of his own chronology.  
 And memory lacks its natural resting-points  
 Of years, and centuries, and periods.  
 It is thy very energy of thought  
 Which keeps thee from thy God.

## THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

### SOUL

Dear Angel, say,

Why have I now no fear at meeting Him ?  
Along my earthly life, the thought of death  
And judgement was to me most terrible.  
I had it aye before me, and I saw  
The Judge severe e'en in the crucifix.  
Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled ;  
And at this balance of my destiny,  
Now close upon me, I can forward look  
With a serenest joy.

### ANGEL

It is because

Then thou didst fear, that now thou dost  
not fear.

Thou hast forestalled the agony, and so  
For thee the bitterness of death is past.  
Also, because already in thy soul  
The judgement is begun. That day of doom,  
One and the same for the collected world—  
That solemn consummation for all flesh,  
Is, in the case of each, anticipate  
Upon his death ; and, as the last great day  
In the particular judgement is rehearsed,  
So now too, ere thou comest to the Throne,  
A presage falls upon thee, as a ray  
Straight from the Judge, expressive of thy  
lot.

That calm and joy uprising in thy soul  
Is first-fruit to thee of thy recompense,  
And Heaven begun.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

iv

SOUL

But hark ! upon my sense  
Comes a fierce hubbub, which would make  
me fear,  
Could I be frightened.

ANGEL

We are now arrived  
Close on the judgement court ; that sullen  
howl  
Is from the demons who assemble there.  
It is the middle region, where of old  
Satan appeared among the sons of God,  
To cast his jibes and scoffs at holy Job.  
So now his legions throng the vestibule,  
Hungry and wild, to claim their property,  
And gather souls for hell. Hist to their cry.

SOUL

How sour and how uncouth a dissonance !

DEMONS

Low-born clods  
Of brute earth,  
They aspire  
To become gods,  
By a new birth,  
And an extra grace,  
And a score of merits,  
As if aught  
Could stand in place

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

Of the high thought,  
And the glance of fire  
Of the great spirits,  
The powers blest,  
The lords by right,  
The primal owners,  
Of the proud dwelling  
And realm of light—  
Dispossessed,  
Aside thrust,  
          Chucked down,  
By the sheer might  
Of a despot's will,  
          Of a tyrant's frown ;  
          Who after expelling  
          Their hosts, gave,  
Triumphant still,  
And still unjust,  
          Each forfeit crown  
To psalm-droners,  
And canting groaners,  
          To every slave,  
And pious cheat,  
          And crawling knave,  
Who licked the dust  
Under his feet.

ANGEL

It is the restless panting of their being ;  
Like beasts of prey, who, caged within  
          their bars,  
In a deep hideous purring have their life  
And an incessant pacing to and fro.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

DEMONS

The mind bold  
And independent,  
The purpose free,  
So we are told,  
Must not think  
To have the ascendant.  
What's a saint?  
One whose breath  
Doth the air taint  
Before his death;  
A bundle of bones,  
Which fools adore,  
Ha! ha!  
When life is o'er,  
Which rattle and stink  
E'en in the flesh.  
We cry his pardon!  
No flesh hath he;  
Ha! ha!  
For it hath died,  
'Tis crucified  
Day by day,  
Afresh, afresh,  
Ha! ha!  
That holy clay,  
Ha! ha!  
This gains guerdon,  
So priestlings prate,  
Ha! ha!  
Before the Judge,  
And pleads and atones

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

For spite and grudge,  
    And bigot mood,  
And envy and hate,  
    And greed of blood.

SOUL

How impotent they are ! and yet on earth  
They have repute for wondrous power and  
    skill ;  
And books describe, how that the very face  
Of the Evil One, if seen, would have a  
    force  
Even to freeze the blood, and choke the life  
Of him who saw it.

ANGEL

    In thy trial-state  
Thou hadst a traitor nestling close at home,  
Connatural, who with the powers of hell  
Was leagued, and of thy senses kept the  
    keys,  
And to that deadliest foe unlocked thy  
    heart.  
And therefore is it, in respect of man,  
Those fallen ones show so majestic.  
But, when some child of Grace, angel or  
    saint,  
Pure and upright in his integrity  
Of nature, meets the demons on their raid,  
They scud away as cowards from the fight.  
Nay, oft hath holy hermit in his cell,  
Not yet disburdened of mortality,



THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

Mocked at their threats and warlike over-  
tures ;  
Or, dying when they swarmed, like flies,  
around,  
Defied them, and departed to his Judge.

DEMONS

Virtue and vice,  
A knave's pretence,  
'Tis all the same ;  
Ha ! ha !  
Dread of hell-fire,  
Of the venomous flame,  
A coward's plea.  
Give him his price,  
Saint though he be,  
Ha ! ha !  
From shrewd good sense  
He'll slave for hire ;  
Ha ! ha !  
And does but aspire  
To the heaven above  
With sordid aim,  
And not from love.  
Ha ! ha !

SOUL

I see not those false spirits ; shall I see  
My dearest Master, when I reach His  
throne ;  
Or hear, at least, His awful judgement-  
word

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

With personal intonation, as I now  
Hear thee, not see thee, Angel? Hitherto  
All has been darkness since I left the earth;  
Shall I remain thus sight bereft all through  
My penance time? If so, how comes it then  
That I have hearing still, and taste, and  
touch,  
Yet not a glimmer of that princely sense  
Which binds ideas in one, and makes them  
live?

ANGEL

Nor touch, nor taste, nor hearing hast thou  
now;  
Thou livest in a world of signs and types,  
The presentations of most holy truths,  
Living and strong, which now encompass  
thee.  
A disembodied soul, thou hast by right  
No converse with aught else beside thyself;  
But, lest so stern a solitude should load  
And break thy being, in mercy are vouch-  
safed  
Some lower measures of perception,  
Which seem to thee, as though through  
channels brought,  
Through ear, or nerves, or palate, which  
are gone.  
And Thou art wrapped and swathed around  
in dreams,  
Dreams that are true, yet enigmatical;  
For the belongings of thy present state,  
Save through such symbols, come not  
home to thee.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

And thus thou tell'st of space, and time,  
and size,  
Of fragrant, solid, bitter, musical,  
Of fire, and of refreshment after fire ;  
As (let me use similitude of earth,  
To aid thee in the knowledge thou dost  
ask)—  
As ice which blisters may be said to burn.  
Nor hast thou now extension, with its  
parts  
Correlative—long habit cozens thee—  
Nor power to move thyself, nor limbs to  
move.  
Hast thou not heard of those who, after  
loss  
Of hand or foot, still cried that they had  
pains,  
In hand or foot, as though they had it still ?  
So is it now with thee, who hast not lost  
Thy hand or foot, but all which made up  
man ;  
So will it be, until the joyous day  
Of resurrection, when thou wilt regain  
All thou hast lost, new-made and glorified.  
How, even now, the consummated Saints  
See God in Heaven, I may not explicate.  
Meanwhile let it suffice thee to possess  
Such means of converse as are granted thee,  
Though, till that Beatific Vision, thou art  
blind ;  
For e'en thy purgatory, which comes like  
fire,  
Is fire without its light.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

SOUL

His will be done !

I am not worthy e'er to see again  
The face of day ; far less His countenance  
Who is the very sun. Nathless, in life,  
When I looked forward to my purgatory,  
It ever was my solace to believe  
That, ere I plunged amid th' avenging  
flame,  
I had one sight of Him to strengthen me.

ANGEL

Nor rash nor vain is that presentiment ;  
Yes—for one moment thou shalt see thy  
Lord  
Thus will it be : what time thou art  
arraigned  
Before the dread tribunal, and thy lot  
Is cast for ever, should it be to sit  
On His right hand among His pure elect,  
Then sight, or that which to the soul is  
sight,  
As by a lightning-flash, will come to thee ;  
And thou shalt see, amid the dark profound  
Whom thy soul loveth, and would fain  
approach—  
One moment ; but thou knowest not, my  
child,  
What thou dost ask : that sight of the  
Most Fair  
Will gladden thee, but it will pierce thee too.

## THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

### SOUL

Thou speakest darkly, Angel ! and an awe  
Falls on me, and a fear lest I be rash.

### ANGEL

There was a mortal, who is now above  
In the mid glory : he, when near to die,  
Was given communion with the Crucified—  
Such, that the Master's very wounds were  
    stamped  
Upon his flesh ; and, from the agony  
Which thrilled through body and soul in  
    that embrace,  
Learn that the flame of the Everlasting  
    Love  
Doth burn ere it transform. . . .

### V

. . . Hark to those sounds !  
They come of tender beings angelical,  
Least and most childlike of the sons of  
    God.

### FIRST CHOIR OF ANGELICALS

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
    And in the depth be praise :  
In all His words most wonderful ;  
    Most sure in all His ways !

## THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

To us His elder race He gave  
To battle and to win,  
Without the chastisement of pain,  
Without the soil of sin.

The younger son He willed to be  
A marvel in his birth :  
Spirit and flesh his parents were ;  
His home as Heaven and earth.

The Eternal blessed His child, and armed,  
And sent him hence afar,  
To serve as champion in the field  
Of elemental war.

To be His Viceroy in the world  
Of matter and of sense ;  
Upon the frontier, towards the foe,  
A resolute defence.

### ANGEL

We now have passed the gate, and are  
within  
The House of Judgement ; and whereas on  
earth  
Temples and palaces are formed of parts  
Costly and rare, but all material,  
So in the world of spirits nought is found,  
To mould withal and form into a whole,  
But what is immaterial ; and thus  
The smallest portions of this edifice,  
Cornice, or frieze, or balustrade, or stair,  
The very pavement is made up of life—  
Of holy, blessed, and immortal beings,  
Who hymn their Maker's praise continually.



THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

SECOND CHOIR OF ANGELICALS

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise :  
In all His words most wonderful ;  
Most sure in all His ways !

Woe to thee, man ! for he was found  
A recreant in the fight ;  
And lost his heritage of Heaven,  
And fellowship with light.

Above him now the angry sky,  
Around, the tempest's din ;  
Who once had angels for his friends,  
Has but the brutes for kin.

O man ! a savage kindred they ;  
To flee that monster brood  
He scaled the seaside cave, and clomb  
The giants of the wood.

With now a fear, and now a hope,  
With aids which chance supplied,  
From youth to eld, from sire to son,  
He lived, and toiled, and died.

He dree'd his penance age by age ;  
And step by step began  
Slowly to doff his savage garb,  
And be again a man.

And quickened by the Almighty's breath  
And chastened by His rod,  
And taught by Angel-visitings,  
At length he sought his God ;

## THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

And learned to call upon His name,  
And in His faith create  
A household and a fatherland,  
A city and a state.

Glory to Him who from the mire,  
In patient length of days,  
Elaborated into life  
A people to His praise !

### SOUL

The sound is like the rushing of the wind—  
The summer wind among the lofty pines ;  
Swelling and dying, echoing round about,  
Now here, now distant, wild and beautiful ;  
While, scattered from the branches it has  
Descend ecstatic odours. [stirred,

### THIRD CHOIR OF ANGELICALS

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise :  
In all His words most wonderful ;  
Most sure in all His ways !

The Angels, as beseemingly  
To spirit-kind was given,  
At once were tried and perfected,  
And took their seats in Heaven.

For them no twilight or eclipse ;  
No growth and no decay ;  
'Twas hopeless all-ingulfing night,  
Or beatific day.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

But to the younger race there rose  
A hope upon its fall ;  
And slowly, surely, gracefully,  
The morning dawned on all.

And ages, opening out, divide  
The precious and the base,  
And from the hard and sullen mass,  
Mature the heirs of Grace.

O man ! albeit the quickening ray,  
Lit from his second birth,  
Makes him at length what once he was,  
And Heaven grows out of earth ;

Yet still between that earth and Heaven—  
His journey and his goal—  
A double agony awaits  
His body and his soul.

A double debt he has to pay—  
The forfeit of his sins,  
The chill of death is past, and now  
The penance-fire begins.

Glory to Him, who evermore  
By truth and justice reigns ;  
Who tears the soul from out its case,  
And burns away its stains !

## THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

### ANGEL

They sing of thy approaching agony,  
Which thou so eagerly didst question of :  
It is the face of the Incarnate God  
Shall smite thee with that keen and subtle  
    pain ;  
And yet the memory which it leaves will be  
A sovereign febrifuge to heal the wound ;  
And yet withal it will the wound provoke,  
And aggravate and widen it the more.

### SOUL

Thou speakest mysteries ; still methinks  
    I know  
To disengage the tangle of thy words :  
Yet rather would I hear thy angel voice,  
Than for myself be thy interpreter.

### ANGEL

When then—if such thy lot—thou seest  
    thy Judge,  
The sight of Him will kindle in thy heart,  
All tender, gracious, reverential thoughts.  
Thou wilt be sick with love, and yearn for  
    Him,  
And feel as though thou couldst but pity  
    Him,  
That one so sweet should e'er have placed  
    Himself  
At disadvantage such, as to be used  
So vilely by a being so vile as thee.  
There is a pleading in His pensive eyes  
Will pierce thee to the quick, and trouble  
    thee.

## THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

And thou wilt hate and loathe thyself ;  
for though  
Now sinless, thou wilt feel that thou hast  
sinned,  
As never thou didst feel ; and will desire  
To slink away, and hide thee from His  
sight,  
And yet wilt have a longing eye to dwell  
Within the beauty of His countenance.  
And these two pains, so counter and so  
keen—  
The longing for Him, when thou seest Him  
not ;  
The shame of self at thought of seeing  
Him—  
Will be thy veriest, sharpest purgatory.

### SOUL

My soul is in my hand : I have no fear—  
In His dear might prepared for weal or woe.  
But hark ! a grand mysterious harmony :  
It floods me, like the deep and solemn  
sound  
Of many waters.

### ANGEL

We have gained the stairs  
Which rise towards the Presence-chamber ;  
there  
A band of mighty Angels keep the way  
On either side, and hymn the Incarnate  
God.

## THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

### ANGELS OF THE SACRED STAIR

Father, whose goodness none can know,  
but they

Who see Thee face to face,  
By man hath come the infinite display  
Of Thy victorious Grace ;

But fallen man—the creature of a day—  
Skills not that love to trace.

It needs, to tell the triumph Thou hast  
wrought,

An Angel's deathless fire, an Angel's reach  
of thought.

It needs that very Angel, who with awe,  
Amid the garden shade,

The great Creator in His sickness saw,  
Soothed by a creature's aid,

And agonised, as victim of the Law  
Which He Himself had made ;

For who can praise Him in His depth and  
height,

But he who saw Him reel amid that  
solitary fight ?

### SOUL

Hark ! for the lintels of the presence-gate  
Are vibrating and echoing back the strain.

### FOURTH CHOIR OF ANGELICALS

Praise to the Holiest in the Height,  
And in the depth be praise :

In all His words most wonderful ;  
Most sure in all His ways !



THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

The foe blasphemed the Holy Lord,  
As if He reckoned ill,  
In that He placed His puppet man  
The frontier place to fill.

For even in his best estate,  
With amplest gifts endued,  
A sorry sentinel was he,  
A being of flesh and blood.

As though a thing, who for his help  
Must needs possess a wife,  
Could cope with those proud rebel hosts,  
Who had angelic life.

And when, by blandishment of Eve,  
That earth-born Adam fell,  
He shrieked in triumph, and he cried,  
"A sorry sentinel ;

The Maker by His word is bound,  
Escape or cure is none ;  
He must abandon to his doom,  
And slay His darling Son."

ANGEL

And now the threshold, as we traverse it,  
Utters aloud its glad responsive chant.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

FIFTH CHOIR OF ANGELICALS

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise :  
In all His words most wonderful ;  
Most sure in all His ways !

O loving wisdom of our God !  
When all was sin and shame,  
A second Adam to the fight,  
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love ! that flesh and blood  
Which did in Adam fail,  
Should strive afresh against the foe,  
Should strive and should prevail ;

And that a higher gift than Grace  
Should flesh and blood refine,  
God's Presence and His very Self,  
And Essence all Divine.

O generous love ! that He who smote  
In man for man the foe,  
The double agony in man  
For man should undergo ;

And in the garden secretly,  
And on the cross on high,  
Should teach His brethren and inspire  
To suffer and to die.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

vi

ANGEL

Thy judgement now is near, for we are come  
Into the veiled presence of our God.

SOUL

I hear the voices that I left on earth.

ANGEL

It is the voice of friends around thy bed,  
Who say the "Subvenite" with the priest.  
Hither the echoes come; before the Throne  
Stands the great Angel of the Agony,  
The same who strengthened Him, what  
time He knelt

Lone in the garden shade, bedewed with  
blood.

The Angel best can plead with Him for all  
Tormented souls, the dying and the dead.

ANGEL OF THE AGONY

Jesu! by that shuddering dread which  
fell on Thee;

Jesu! by that cold dismay which sickened  
Thee;

Jesu! by that pang of heart which thrilled  
in Thee;

Jesu! by that mount of sins which crippled  
Thee;

Jesu! by that sense of guilt which stifled  
Thee;

## THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

Jesu ! by that innocence which girdled  
Thee ;  
Jesu ! by that sanctity which reigned in  
Thee ;  
Jesu ! by that Godhead which was one  
with Thee ;  
Jesu ! spare these souls which are so dear  
to Thee ;  
Who in prison, calm and patient, wait for  
Thee ;  
Hasten, Lord, their hour, and bid them  
come to Thee ,  
To that glorious Home, where they shall  
ever gaze on Thee.

### SOUL

I go before my Judge. Ah ! . . . .

### ANGEL

. . . . Praise to His Name !  
The eager spirit has darted from my hold,  
And, with the intemperate energy of love,  
Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel ;  
But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity,  
Which with its effluence, like a glory,  
clothes  
And circles round the Crucified, has seized,  
And scorched, and shrivelled it ; and now  
it lies  
Passive and still before the awful Throne.  
O happy, suffering soul ! for it is safe,  
Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance  
of God.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

SOUL

Take me away, and in the lowest deep  
    There let me be,  
And there in hope the lone night-watches  
    keep,  
    Told out for me.  
There, motionless and happy in my pain,  
    Lone, not forlorn—  
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,  
    Until the morn.  
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken  
    breast,  
    Which ne'er can cease  
To throb, and pine, and languish, till  
    possest  
    Of its Sole Peace.  
There will I sing my absent Lord and  
    Love :—  
    Take me away,  
That sooner I may rise, and go above,  
And see Him in the truth of everlasting  
    day.

vii

ANGEL

Now let the golden prison ope its gates,  
Making sweet music, as each fold revolves  
Upon its ready hinge. And ye great powers  
Angels of Purgatory, receive from me  
My charge, a precious soul, until the day,  
When, from all bond and forfeiture re-  
    leased,  
I shall reclaim it for the courts of light.

## THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

### SOULS IN PURGATORY

1. Lord, Thou has been our refuge ; in every generation ;
2. Before the hills were born, and the world was : from age to age thou art God.
3. Bring us not, Lord, very low : for Thou has said, Come back again, ye sons of Adam.
4. A thousand years before Thine eyes are but as yesterday : and as a watch of the night which is come and gone.
5. The grass springs up in the morning : at evening-tide it shrivels up and dies.
6. So we fail in Thine anger : and in Thy wrath we are troubled.
7. Thou hast set our sins in Thy sight : and our round of days in the light of Thy countenance.
8. Come back, O Lord ! how long : and be entreated for Thy servants.
9. In Thy morning we shall be filled with Thy mercy : we shall rejoice and be in pleasure all our days.
10. We shall be glad according to the days of our humiliation : and the years in which we have seen evil.
11. Look, O Lord, upon Thy servants and on Thy work : and direct their children.
12. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us : and the work of our hands, establish Thou it.



THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,  
and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever  
shall be : world without end. Amen.

ANGEL

Softly and gently, dearly ransomed soul,  
In my most loving arms I now enfold  
thee,

And, o'er the penal waters, as they roll,  
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold  
thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake,  
And thou, without a sob or a resistance,  
Dost through the flood thy rapid passage  
take,  
Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim  
distance.

Angels, to whom the willing task is given,  
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as  
thou liest ;

And Masses on the earth, and prayers in  
Heaven,  
Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most  
Highest.

Farewell, but not for ever ! brother dear,  
Be brave and patient on thy bed of  
sorrow ;

Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,  
And I will come and wake thee on the  
morrow.

## THE END

**A**ND now, dear Reader, time is short, eternity is long. Put not from you what you have here found ; regard it not as mere matter of present controversy ; set not out resolved to refute it, and looking about for the best way of doing so ; seduce not yourself with the imagination that it comes of disappointment, or disgust, or restlessness, or wounded feeling, or undue sensibility, or other weakness. Wrap not yourself round in the associations of years past ; nor determine that to be truth which you wish to be so, nor make an idol of cherished anticipations. Time is short, eternity is long.

## ii

**A**ND, O my brethren, O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you know any one whose lot it has been, by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you ; if he has ever told you what you knew about yourselves, or what you did not know ; has read to you your wants or feelings, and comforted you by the very reading ; has made you feel that there was a higher life

## THE END

than this daily one, and a brighter world than that you see ; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or opened a way to the inquiring, or soothed the perplexed ; if what he has said or done has ever made you take interest in him, and feel well inclined towards him ; remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him, that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times he may be ready to fulfil it.













